

European Magazine,

A N D

L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;

For F E B R U A R Y , 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq. Author of the History of Athens, by HOLLOWAY. 2. A VIEW of a MOSQUE at RAJEHAMEL, in BENGAL, by MORRIS. And 3. A VIEW of the RIVER-GOD THAMES, and the FOUR SEASONS, at the LITHODIPIRA, at LAMBETH.]

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ERRATA in our last, page 45*, col. 2. l. 27. for "When wiser folk would lag behind," read, "When wiser *Joke* would lag behind."
 — in the present, p. 77, col. 1. l. 37 for "they bade me go *strike* in the King's name of England," read, "they bade me go *kite* in the King's name of England."
 — p. 108, in the Epitaph, for 1693, read 1663.

By a mistake some advertisements have been printed, announcing the Portrait of Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY for the present month. That Gentleman's Portrait is intended for a future Magazine; but, from the illness of the Engraver, is obliged to be postponed for the present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Theatrical Characters—*A Constant Reader*—*W. P. Menedemus*—*Procrustes*—*G. D.*
 —*Account of Dean Bolton* concluded—*Will. Wimple*, and two without signatures, are received. The translation from Virgil we beg to decline.
 If *D. D.* will favour us with the Portrait, it shall be engraved.
 An answer to *A. Hunter's Letter* from York is left at the publisher's.
 We beg to receive our Correspondents favours before the 15th of the month, if possible.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, from Feb. 12, to Feb. 17, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	4	3	3	2	10	2	3	3	4	
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	4	8	0	2	9	2	5	3	10	
Surry	4	8	0	2	10	2	5	4	5	
Hertford	4	5	0	2	9	2	2	4	0	
Bedford	4	5	3	2	7	2	0	3	7	
Cambridge	4	3	3	4	8	1	9	3	4	
Huntingdon	4	5	0	2	7	1	9	3	4	
Northampton	4	7	2	8	5	1	11	3	3	
Rutland	5	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	10	
Leicester	5	1	3	4	7	2	0	4	5	
Nottingham	5	1	3	5	0	2	7	4	8	
Derby	5	9	0	3	1	2	4	4	7	
Stafford	5	1	0	2	9	2	1	4	8	
Salop	5	0	3	8	2	9	1	15	1	
Hereford	4	3	0	3	1	1	11	4	9	
Worcester	4	10	3	1	3	0	2	1	4	6
Warwick	4	5	0	2	6	1	11	3	11	
Gloucester	4	6	0	2	8	2	0	4	7	
Wilts	4	8	0	2	7	2	1	4	6	
Berks	4	5	0	2	8	2	3	4	0	
Oxford	4	2	0	2	6	2	2	3	11	
Bucks	4	4	0	2	7	2	1	3	5	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	4	6	0	2	8	1	11	3	4	
Suffolk	4	2	3	1	2	5	2	0	3	1
Norfolk	4	3	3	2	6	2	1	0	0	
Lincoln	4	8	2	10	2	4	1	11	3	4
York	5	0	3	4	3	1	2	0	4	8
Durham	4	11	3	9	2	10	2	0	4	2
Northumberl.	4	6	3	6	2	7	1	10	4	0
Cumberland	5	10	3	4	2	5	1	11	0	0
Westmorl.	5	8	3	8	2	7	1	11	4	5
Lancashire	5	8	0	2	7	2	2	4	0	0
Cheshire	5	7	3	8	3	0	2	1	0	0
Monmouth	5	3	0	3	2	1	10	0	0	0
Somerset	5	3	3	6	2	10	1	10	4	1
Devon	5	0	0	2	7	1	6	0	0	0
Cornwall	4	11	0	2	6	1	6	0	0	0
Dorset	5	0	0	2	8	2	1	4	5	
Hants	4	4	0	2	7	2	1	3	10	
Suffex	4	5	0	2	6	2	0	3	7	
Kent	4	4	0	2	8	2	2	3	0	

WALES, Feb. 5, to Feb. 10, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales	5	3	4	4	2	8	1	7	4	0
South Wales	4	10	4	9	2	8	1	4	4	2

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. JANUARY, 1787.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—30 — 00	38	S.
29—30 — 10	35	E. S. E.
30—30 — 26	39	S.
31—30 — 20	36	E.

FEBRUARY.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
1—30 — 15	41	S. E.
2—30 — 32	47	S.
3—30 — 36	48	E.
4—30 — 12	49	E.
5—30 — 05	40	E.
6—29 — 70	40	E.
7—29 — 56	41	S. W.
8—30 — 04	42	W.
9—29 — 80	48	S.
10—29 — 40	47	S.
11—29 — 22	40	S.
12—28 — 70	41	S. S. W.
13—28 — 80	42	W.
14—29 — 78	39	W.
15—29 — 85	49	W. S. W.

16—29 — 94	50	W. S. W.
17—30 — 32	40	W.
18—30 — 30	47	W.
19—30 — 36	43	W.
20—30 — 30	42	W.
21—30 — 19	43	N.
22—30 — 22	40	N.
23—30 — 15	33	E. S. E.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Feb. 24, 1787.

Bank Stock, —	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann
New 4 per Cent.	India Bonds, 49s. pr.
1777, 95 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	Bills —
111 $\frac{3}{4}$	Long Ann. —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	10 years Short Ann.
3 per Cent. 1751, —	1777,
3 per Cent. red.	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. Conf. 74 $\frac{1}{2}$	Exchequer Bills, 21s.
South Sea Stock, —	a 20s.
Old S. S. An. —	Lot. Tick. 19l. 2s. 2 1/2s.
New S. S. Ann. —	morn.
India Stock, —	Consols for April 75 $\frac{1}{2}$

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

For F E B R U A R Y , 1787.

An ACCOUNT of WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq. AUTHOR of the HISTORY
of ATHENS, &c.

(With an original PORTRAIT of HIM.)

WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq. is the eldest son of Sir William Young, Bart. of Delafude, in the county of Bucks, by Elizabeth, only daughter of Brook Taylor, Esq. L. L. D. of Bifrons, in the County of Kent, well known in the literary world from his correspondence with Leibnitz, his Treatise on Fluxions, Essay on Linear Perspective, &c. Mr. Young was born in 1749, and received his school-education at Eton, and under the private tuition of Dr. Foster, afterwards Master of that School. In 1777 he was entered at Clare-Hall, Cambridge; but some disputes arising in that College, he the next year was admitted at University College, Oxford, where he continued nearly three years, under the private tuition of Dr. William Scott, the present eminent Civilian. From Oxford he went abroad, and pursued his travels, out of the ordinary route, through Sicily and the Magna Græcia; the Journal of which he

printed a few copies of, but never published. On his return to England in 1774, he resumed the study of the Classics, and then planned the subjects of those works which have made his name known in the literary world. In 1777 he published "The Spirit of Athens; being a political and philosophical Investigation of the History of that Republic," in one volume octavo; and this has been followed by a larger work, intitled, "The History of Athens," in quarto. During the war, Mr. Young served in the Militia; and on the preliminaries of peace being signed, was deputed by the Proprietary of Tobago to negotiate their interests with the Court of France, in which mission he was very successful. On the dissolution of the Parliament 1783, he was returned to the new one Member for St. Mawes; and in the spring of 1786 was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for Feb. 1787.
No. XXXVI.

THE Minister is making as much haste to throw us into the arms of France, as a good and wise minister would make to snatch us out of the insatiable devouring jaws of the most implacable hereditary enemy we now have, or ever had, or ever can have, in the whole world!—so much so, that he leaves no time or opportunity for the people of Great Britain to examine the matter minutely, to see their danger, and to remonstrate against the unprecedented and unparalleled measure! —That a raw unexperienced youth,

whose head may have been turned with his extraordinary elevation to a dangerous pinnacle of power, should drive on impetuously and furiously into a new-fangled, wild, romantic scheme, the child of his own distempered brain, we do not much wonder at; but that men of riper age, of good intellects, and sage experience, can be found to shut their eyes and their ears, and cloud their own understanding, to exclude all candid reasoning, and sound argument, for the purpose of taking a leap in the dark, to follow

follow this their juvenile leader, and draw the Nation with them, by dint of delegated power, into an unknown, untried, and unexplored gulph, the bottomless pit of French chicanery and perfidy, is somewhat wonderful indeed !!! too wonderful for us to comprehend !

We have attended very carefully, and indeed inquisitively, to all the reasoning on both sides of the question, that has reached our ears and our eyes, in private conversation, and public debate upon paper ; and we positively declare, that we have never yet seen or heard any thing like solid fair argument in support of this French Commercial Treaty : on the contrary, we say, this French Treaty carries on the face of it the broad mark of unfairness, inequality, and partiality. Indeed it wants the vital principle of all good Commercial Treaties, that is, the grand tie of mutual wants and superfluities, which alone can bind civilized Nations together in a commercial intercourse beneficial to both contracting parties. The first four articles out of thirteen of the Tariff, are all clearly and indisputably made for the great advantage of France, and the equally great disadvantage of Britain. The wines, brandy, oils, vinegar, are all levelled in the duty to the wish of the French, without any equivalent whatsoever. The remaining nine articles pretend to no more than a reciprocal intercourse of admitting the same articles of manufacture into each country respectively, under the same duties, regulations, restrictions, penalties, &c.—a kind of a see-saw traffick backwards and forwards, from France to England, and from England to France ; the same kind of goods meeting the same kind of goods in every stage, on the high seas, in the rivers, in the harbours, on the keys, (going out and coming in) and in the shops and warehouses ; promising a scene of universal confusion and endless controversy ; opening a door for innumerable frauds of every kind upon the revenue, upon the fair trader, and the consumer.

For this very great boon to France we have got nothing ! nothing pretended to be given !—The Minister indeed tells us, that by the Tariff our Manufacturers have gained an accession of twenty millions of new customers !—What Manufacturer can resist this allurements ?—But the Minister has not told them, that by this same Treaty they will get twenty millions of rivals in trade, who will push their goods upon *their* old customers at our home-market, under the very noses of our own manufacturers ; and that the

whim, caprice, and folly of our countrymen and women will throw the great preponderating weight into the French scale. —These are solid, serious, and indisputable truths, which we defy the whole Ministerial phalanx and the whole Frenchified junto to refute, or even to dispute.

We could likewise shew that the Treaty gives the French ample opportunity, not only of seducing our Artizans and Manufacturers, with their tools and implements, from their native country into foreign lands, but also of stealing the Arts and Mysteries themselves, and transplanting them into their own country, to the utter ruin of the British Manufactories. But we have not room for such copious investigation ; we must therefore leave this task to the more enlightened part of the Manufacturers themselves, contenting ourselves with barely hinting it thus cursorily in our way ; heartily wishing they may improve upon it, and make good use of it.

To this same Tariff of the Treaty, lame as it is, we sacrifice all our old friends, customers, and dependences ; the commercial intercourse with Portugal, whose productions supply our wants, and whose wants employ our manufactures, which constitute the vital principle of all commercial treaties.—We do the same by Spain and the Italian States.—Even our own West India Islands do not escape making a part of the general sacrifice !—All ! all is given up to French intrigue ! Not so the French with their friends and allies !—They are strengthening and confirming all their old commercial treaties, extending and dilating the same !—They are commencing new engagements, alliances and commercial treaties with the very Powers whom we are alienating from our interest, and throwing into the French scale. In short, they are taking all and leaving us nothing, and we are helping forward their scheme with all our might ! What strong delusion or infatuation covers our devoted island ! !

As to the political part of the treaty, it is enough to say, that, whenever it takes place, it will be the immediate downfall of the British Empire at the feet of the French King : we shall lose our rank among the powerful maritime nations of Europe : they will no longer consider us as a firm barrier against the favourite French scheme—*Universal Monarchy* ; but will look upon us as the humble tools of French intrigue, finess, and treachery. We think we see, in some of the articles, a tacit or implied surrender of the sovereignty

reignty of the sea, and consequently of the salute to stedfastly insisted on by our ancestors.

Had we time and room, we could fill a whole Magazine with solid objections to the treaty, and illustrations of the same; but must for the present content ourselves with expressing our hope, that the Almighty has not yet, in his wrath, given up our whole nation to strong delusion, to believe lies and false representations, and to shut all our eyes and ears against truth and sound reason, to our own utter and irretrievable ruin.

The only thing which the impetuosity of the Minister in this business leaves room for, is the progress of impeachment, which is, indeed, the only thing in which ministers and patriots can cordially agree. We live in strange times indeed! Those men who lost us the Western World, and with it fleets and armies, were never called to an account, but have been caressed, honoured, and highly favoured, and sent out with great and high commands to the East and to the West; while the man who preserved the Eastern World, and supported the dignity of the British name, is treated as a criminal, under painful disagreeable circumstances which few criminals experience, being persecuted with more vehemence, malignity, and rancour, than most criminals are; and ill defended, slighted, and even deserted by some of the most powerful of his pretended friends!—What will the surrounding nations and our Indian friends think of all this? What will they say of us? What will they do? or rather, What will they not do, in consequence of all this strange procedure?—We believe the accused party wishes with us that the matter were speedily brought before that tribunal which is competent to try the cause: the sooner the better.

Ireland seems to be in a very strange predicament respecting her internal government, very far from a state of tranquillity.—In some parts mob-law carries the sway, and administration appears to be unwilling to enquire into the cause of these disorders, and fearful of suppressing the same.—There must be some secret lurking cause, which we are yet unacquainted with, to produce these serious and alarming effects, too stubborn even for government to encounter without dismay and terror. It is a sad thing that modern governments in general shew so much reluctance in redressing the real grievances of the people, until they are frightened into it by the desperate efforts of at least a part of the people; which loses them much of the merit and credit which

would otherwise accrue to them from their condescension, and timely compliance with their wishes, their prayers, and humble earnest intreaties.

The withdrawing of the Prussian Ambassador from the Court of the Stadtholder, without going by way of the Hague to make his bow to their High Mightinesses the States-General, has struck a damp to the spirits of the French High-flyers of that divided and distracted Republic. If it be true, too, that his Prussian Majesty has invited the Duke of Brunswick to pay a sudden visit to his court, it portends no good to that turbulent party, who cannot expect that the injured, insulted, and abused Duke of Brunswick will advise or assist in executing any of their furious, desperate, and unconstitutional measures; or that he will be a mediator between them and the Stadtholder, who has himself been hunted out of their dominions, as the author and procurer of all the misconduct and miscarriages they charge their Chief Governor with.

The Empress of Russia is reported, at last, to have set out upon her long promised journey to Cherson: whether she will reach it or not, or whether she means only to prosecute her journey so far, as to give an opportunity of forming a congress of Northern Potentates *in propriis personis*, we are not able as yet to determine. Perhaps something may depend on the result of their deliberations, either to accelerate or set aside her further pursuit of the long journey.—The Emperor and the King of Poland are marked out as her principal associates in this convention: probably the King of Prussia may make a fourth crowned head in this novel assemblage of Imperial and Royal personages.—We cannot think the Ottoman court can look upon this phenomenon with complacency or indifference; but they have enough to do elsewhere.—The Czarina has done the French King's business, by signing his treaty, before her departure. It is more than she has done for us, or our Minister would have boasted of it before this time.

Report has several times brought the Grand Signior to death's door, but he has still survived all these reports, for what we know.—Things seem to have taken an awkward turn there, particularly with the Capitan Pacha, who seems to have suffered a reverse of fortune. Great talents are put to the test in adversity; and if he recovers himself out of the present difficulties, he may shine brighter than ever. There seems to be a set of false patriots there as well as here, who hate all sterling merit and love of their country.

LETTERS of the Late Mr. STERNE.

LETTER I.

To W. C. Esq.

Coxwold, July 1, 1764.

I AM safe arrived at my bower—and I trust that you have no longer any doubt about coming to enbower it with me. Having for six months together been running at the ring of pleasure, you will find that repose here which, all young as you are, you ought to want. We will be witty, or classical, or sentimental, as it shall please you best. My milk-maids shall weave you garlands; and every day, after coffee, I will take you to pay a visit to my nuns. Do not, however, indulge your fancy beyond measure, but rather let me indulge mine; or, at least, let me give you the history of it, and how the fair sisterhood dwell in one of its visionary corners.—Now, what is all this about? you'll say.—Have a few moments patience, and I will tell you.

You must know, then, that on passing out of my back-door, I very soon gain a path, which, after conducting me through several verdant meadows and shady thickets, brings me in about twenty minutes to the ruins of a monastery, where in times long past, a certain number of cloistered females devoted their—lives——I scarce know what I was going to write—to religious solitude.—This saunter of mine, when I take it, I call PAYING A VISIT TO MY NUNS.

It is an awful spot—a rivulet flows by it, and a lofty bank, covered with wood, that gives a gloom to the whole, and forbids the thoughts, if they were ever so disposed, from wandering away from the place. Solitary Sanctity never found a nook more appropriated to her nature!—It is a place for an antiquary to sojourn in for a month—and examine with all the spirit of rusty research. But I am no antiquary, as you well know—and therefore I come here upon a different and a better errand—that is—to examine myself.

So I lean, lackadayfically, over a gate and look at the passing stream—and forgive the spleen, the gout, and the envy of a malicious world. And, after having taken a stroll beneath mouldering arches, I summon the sisterhood together, and take the fairest among them, and sit down with her on a stone, beneath a bunch of alders—And do what? you'll say—Why I examine her gentle heart, and see how it is attuned; I then gues's at her wishes, and play with the cross that hangs

at her bosom—in short—I make love to her.

Tie, for shame! Trifram—that is not as it ought to be.—Now I declare, on the contrary, that it is exactly what it ought to be; for though philosophers may say, among the many other foolish things philosophers have said, that a man who is in love is not in his right senses;—I do assert, in opposition to all their saws and see-saws, that he is never in his right senses, or I would rather say, his right sentiments, but when he is pursuing some Dulcinea or other. If that should be the case with you at this moment, I will forgive your staying from me; but if this letter should find you at the instant when your last flame is blown out, and before a new one is lighted up, and you should not take post and come to me and my nuns, I will abuse you in their name and my own, to the end of the chapter—though I believe, after all, at the end of the chapter I should feel myself affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

To W. C. Esq.

Coxwold, July 17, 1764.

AND so you have been at the seats of the learned.—If I could have guessed at such an intention, I would have contrived that something in an epistolary shape should have met you there, with half a dozen lines recommending you to the care of the *Master of Jesus*.—He was my tutor when I was at college, and a very good kind of man. He used to let me have my way, when I was under his direction, and that shewed his sense, for I was born to travel out of the common road, and to get aside from the highway path, and he had sense enough to see it, and not to trouble me with trammels. I was neither made to be a *thuit-horse* nor a *fore horse*; in short, I was not made to go in a *team*, but to amble along as I liked; and so that I do not kick, or splash, or run over any one, who, in the name of common-sense, has a right to interrupt me?—Let the good folks laugh if they will, and much good may it do them. Indeed I am persuaded, and I think I could prove, nay, and I would do it, if I were writing a book instead of a letter, the truth of what I once told a very great statesman, orator, politician, and as much more as you please—“that every time a man smiles——much more so, when he laughs

laughs—it adds something to the fragment of life."

But the staying five days at Cambridge does not come within the immediate reach of my crazy comprehension, and you might have employed your time much, much better, in urging your mettlesome tits towards Coxwoud.

I may suppose that you have been picking a hole in the skirts of Gibbs's cum-brous architecture, or measuring the facade of Trinity College Library, or peeping about the Gothic perfections of King's College Chapel, or, which was doing a better thing, sipping tea and talking sentimentally with the Miss Cookes, or disturbing Mr. Gray with one of your enthusiastic visits—I say *disturbing* him; for with all your own agreeableness, and all your admiration of him, he would rather have your room than your company. But mark me, I do not say this to his glory, but to his shame. For I would be content with any room, so I had your company.

But tell me, I beseech you, what you did with Scroop all this time. The looking at the heavy walls of muzzing Colleges, and gazing at the mouldy pictures of their founders, is not altogether in his way; nor did he wander where I have whilom wandered, on Cam's all-verdant banks with willows crowned, and call the muse. Alas, he'd rather call a waiter.—And how such a milkop as you could travel—I mean be suffered to travel two leagues in the same chaise with him, I know not—but from that admirable and kind pliability of spirit which you possess whenever you please, but which you do not always please to possess. I do not mean that a man should wear a court dress when he is going to a puppet-show; but, on the other hand, to keep the best suit of embroidery for those only whom he loves, though there is something noble in it, will never do. The world, my dear friend, will not let it do. For while there are such qualities in the human mind as ingratitude and duplicity, unlimited confidence and this patriotism of friendship, which I have heard you rave and rant about, is a very dangerous business.

I could preach a sermon on the subject—to say the truth, I am got as grave as if I were in my pulpit. Thus are the projects of this life destroyed. When I took up my pen, my humour was gay, frisky, and fanciful—and now am I sliding into all the see-saw gravity of solemn councils. I want nothing but an ass to look over my

pales and set up a braying to keep me in countenance.

Leave, leave your Lincolnshire seats, and come to my dale; Scroop, I know, is heartily tired of you. Besides, I want a nurse, for I am not quite well, and have taken to milk-coffee. Remember me, however, to him kindly, and to yourself cordially, for

I am your's most truly,
L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

To W. C. Esq.

Coxwoud, Aug. 5, 1764.

AND so you fit in Scroop's temple, and drink tea, and converse classically.—Now I should like to know what is the nature of this disorder which you call classically; if it consists in a rage to converse on ancient subjects in a modern manner, or on modern subjects in an ancient one;—or are you both out of your senses, and do you fancy yourselves with Virgil and Horace at Sinuess, or with Tully and Atticus at Tusculum? Oh how it would delight me to peep at you from behind a laurel bush, and see you surrounded with columns, and covered by a dome, quaffing the extract of a Chinese weed, and talking of men who boasted the inspiration of the Falernian grape!

What a couple of vapid, inert beings you must be! I should really give you up for lost, if it were not for the confidence I have in the re-invigorating powers of my society, to which you must now have immediate recourse, if you wish for a restoration. Make haste then, my good friend, and seek the aid of your physician ere it be too late.

You know not the interest I take in your welfare. Have I not ordered all the linen to be taken out of the press, and re-washed before it was dirty, that you may have a clean table-cloth every day, with a napkin into the bargain? And have I not ordered a kind of windmill, that makes my head ach again with its clatter, to be placed in my fine cherry-tree, that the fruit may be preserved from the birds, to furnish you a desert? And do you not know that you will have curds and cream for your supper? Think on these things, and let Scroop go to Lincoln sessions by himself, and talk classically with country justices. In the mean time, we will philosophize and sentimentalize:—the last word is a bright invention of the moment in which it was written, for yours or Dr. Johnson's service:—and you shall sit in
my

my study and take a peep into the world as into a shew-box, and amuse yourself as I present the pictures of it to your imagination. Thus will I teach you to laugh at its follies, to pity its errors, and despise its injustice. And I will introduce you, among the rest, to some tender-hearted damsel, on whose cheeks some bitter affliction has placed a tear--and, having heard her story, you shall take a white handkerchief from your pocket, to wipe the moisture from her eyes and from your own:—and then you shall go to bed, not to the damsel, but with an heart conscious of those sentiments, and possessed of those feelings, which will give softness to your pillow, sweetness to your slumbers, and gladness to your waking moments.

You shall sit in my porch, and laugh at Attic vestibules. I love the Classics as well as any man ought to love them,—but, among all their fine sayings, their fine writings, and their fine verses, their most enthusiastic admirer would not be able to find me half a dozen stories that have any sentiment in them;—and so much for that.

If you don't come soon, I shall set about another volume of Trifram without you. So God bless you, for I am your's most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

To ———

Coxwold, Aug. 8, 1764.

I AM grieved for your downfall, though it was only out of a park-chair.—May it be the last you will receive in this world; though, while I write this wish, my heart heaves a deep sigh, and I believe it will not be read by you, my friend, without a similar accompaniment.

Alas! alas! my dear boy, you are born with talents to soar aloft; but you have an heart, which, my apprehensions tell me, will keep you low.—I do not mean, you know I do not, any thing base or grovelling;—but, instead of winging your way above the storm, I am afraid that you will calmly submit to its rigours, and house yourself afterwards in some humble shed, and there live contented, and chaunt away the time, and be lost to the world.

How the wind blows I know not; and I have not inclination to walk to my window, where, perhaps, I might catch the course of a cloud and be fascinated;—but here I am got up to my knees—I should rather say up to my heart—in a subject, which is ever accompanied with some af-

flicting vaticination or other. I am not afraid of your doing any wrong but to yourself. A secret knowledge of some circumstances which you have never communicated to me, have alarmed my affection for you—not from any immediate harm they can produce, but from the conviction they have forced upon me concerning your disposition, and the nicer parts of your character. If you do not come soon to me, I shall take the wings of some fine morning and fly to you; but I should rather have you here: for I wish to have you alone; and if you will let me be a MENTOR to you for one little month, I will be content—and you shall be a MENTOR to me the rest of the year; or, if you will, the rest of my days.

I long most anxiously, my dear friend, to teach you—not to give an opiate to those sensibilities of your nature, which make me love you as I do; nor to check your glowing fancy, that gives such grace to polished youth; nor to yield the beverage of the fountain for the nectar of the cask; but to use the world no better, or to please you, a very little better than it deserves.—But think not, I beseech you, that I would introduce my young Telemachus to such a foul and squint-eyed piece of pollution as suspicion. Avaunt to such a base, ungenerous passion! I would sooner carry you to CALYPSO at once, and give you at least a little pleasure for your pain. But there is a certain little spot to be found somewhere in the mid-way between trusting every body and trusting nobody; and so well am I acquainted with the longitudes, latitudes, and bearings of this world of ours, that I could put my finger upon it, and direct you at once to it; and I think I could give you so many good reasons why you should go there, that you would not hesitate to set off immediately, and I would accompany you thither, and serve as CICERONE to you. I wish therefore much, very much, to talk with you about it and other serious matters.

As for your bodily infirmity, never mind it; you may come here by gentle stages, and without inconvenience; and I will be your surgeon or your nurse; and warm you verjuice every evening, and bathe your sprain with it, and talk of these things. So tell me, I pray you, the day that I am to meet you at York. In the mean time and always may a good Providence protect you—It is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate,
L. STERNE.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Whatever relates to so great a character as MILTON, I am confident, you will not think unworthy of a place in your Miscellany, which has already preserved many anecdotes of eminent personages. There is a difference of opinion amongst the biographers of Milton, whether this great man superintended the education of youth from necessity, or for the mere pleasure he found in the employment. That it was the former, I believe, will be allowed on the evidence of the first extract of three which I now send you, and which I shall hold myself obliged for an early insertion.

I am, &c.

C. D.

EXTRACT from MIST's WEEKLY JOURNAL, APRIL 29, 1727.

This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum

Of wisdom; hope no higher, tho' all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal
pow'rs,

All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Needs to thy knowledge answerable, add
faith,

Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Paradise Lost, B. XII.

I AM going to make an application of this fine reflection of Milton to a purpose which he could never foresee when he wrote it; though I hope that Great Power who loves to act by second causes, was instrumental in dictating it to that end which I would now deduce from it. I cannot help considering our poet as a great chymist, who spending his life and substance in useful experiments for the world, dies without a necessary subsistence for his family; yet leaves, perhaps, one specific, one rich receipt, from which the orphans of his blood may raise themselves comfort.

I wish heartily this fine encomium of Charity left by Milton, may prove the specific to give bread to his only daughter, who bows beneath the double oppression of age and penury. It is very hard, that the daughter of such a man, who has left us a poem that is the boast and glory of our English Poetry, should now be running the course of her seventy-fifth year, supported only by the precarious gifts of Providence, and the piety of her daughter, whose husband is in no higher rank than that of a journeyman-weaver. It would surely be a great reproach to the generosity of our country, that the same good couple, who strain so hard, and pinch themselves to give maintenance to an aged parent, should have this further burden upon them in expectancy, the charge of a coffin for her, and the decent

cies of interment. The good woman, I doubt not, would pass smilingly to her long home, had she but a little reserve of treasure to repay the piety of her children, when she must cease to be their incumbance.

I am excited to this concern for her by the impressions of a late visit made her, and a detail of the several disappointments she has undergone in life, delivered from her own mouth. I could not hear that a daughter of Milton was still living without a curiosity of seeing her, and making some enquiries about her father. I was not, indeed, without some doubts before I went, that she might have usurped the title of such descent; but the traces of her father's features appear so strong through her venerable age, that they immediately silence all doubts. The resemblance strikes you with that force, that I dare engage, any one who looks on the print of Milton in metzotinto, and then would go to see his daughter, should be able to pick her out from amidst an hundred other women of equal rank, and equally strangers.

I could not help being touched at hearing, that as her father was at one time obliged to instruct young gentlemen in the learned tongues; so she has been reduced to the necessity, towards part of a slender support, to teach poor infants the first elements of reading: a fatigue, and an assistance, that the failure of eyes and strength has now robbed her of.

I am so partial in opinion to the benevolence of my country, that I am persuaded the same good-natured curiosity which prompted me to go and see this old matron, will excite crowds to follow the example; and that the finest geniuses and fairest faces in this great metropolis, will not be ashamed to meet one another in the kind office of lending her a little comfort. The same circle of coaches which glitter at one evening's ring in Hyde-Park, making a tour to the quarter of her residence, and leaving but the scanty pittance of relief, might set her above all future anxieties. Her scene of action

in this wayward interlude of life, is now for sport, that the minutest retrenchments of our extravagance would enable her to go through it with pomp and pleasure. I could guess at a number of well-disposed persons who would delight to exert the valours of Charity, but want to be instructed in the proper objects. These will be so just to themselves, I dare say, to embrace the occasion; especially as it is attended with this circumstance, that they may be the stewards and dispenser of their own bounty. I would be loth to prescribe limits to generosity; but the expence of a single masquerade or opera ticket retrenched; nay, even the price of a pantomime and rope-dancing spared by the gay part of this town, and applied to her relief, would both set her at ease, and provide for her funeral. I shall hope that industrious and thriving bookseller who has got so many thousand pounds by the copy of *Paradise Lost*, will not be behind-hand in his contribution: 'twill be but a bad excuse for him to say, that it was her father, not she, who wrote that admirable poem.

I shall dismiss this pleasing subject with two cautions; that none will be so unkind to go and gaze at the decay of age out of mere curiosity, without a design of assistance; and that all her visitors will consider her as the daughter of the poetical Milton: I would not have party, which divides us in our opinions, have any influence in this cause of good-nature; nor that she should either gain or suffer from an affection or prejudice to her father's political principles.

The patrons of her distress'd age who will not think much of such a labour, will find her by enquiring for Mrs. Clark, that being her name of widowhood, at Mr. Foster's, next door to the blue ball, in Pelham-street, Spittlefields.

I am, &c.

PHILALETHES.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOUR Correspondent CANTAB. having made your last month's Miscellany the vehicle of his invective against a brother editor, to whom, I am sure, you are a sincere well-wisher, I cannot help taking up my pen to repel his malevolence, the source of which it is as easy to discern, as it is to discover the real author of this charge under his flimsy disguise. A detection no less spirited than just of the aspersions thrown in the

MIST'S JOURNAL, May 6:

TO PHILALETHES.

I WAS extremely touched with your letter, inserted in the last Journal, concerning the daughter of Milton; and as you profess yourself a lover of truth, I thought it a subject very suitable for one of your character to write of, and to commend. Human nature can scarce appear more amiable in any shape than where she is shewing compassion to those that want, and at the same time a generous regard to the memory of a great man. You will be pleased to hear, that this story has made an impression upon other persons as well as yourself; and the greater and more distinguished these persons are, the more influencing, it is to be hoped, their example will be. Her Royal Highness was no sooner acquainted with it, but, without any solicitation, and with a sweetness and cheerfulness peculiar to herself while she is giving, she immediately reached out her princely hand, with a charity of fifty guineas, and seemed to be delighted with the opportunity of doing good; and not only with doing good to one in necessity, but what is more Royal, with the sense of giving some mark of esteem for such a genius as the father of this distressed object was, and whose works she thought deserved all encouragement and admiration.

Yours, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, March 23, 1728.

Among the Deaths is,—Mrs. Clark, daughter of the immortal Milton, whose case was so effectually recommended in this paper as to draw on her the bountiful compassion of her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, and of many eminent persons of quality.

Preface to the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Thomas Baker," published 1784, on persons who are here ironically complimented with the epithets of *figurations* and *eminent*, followed close on that publication, in a review of it in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. liv. p. 195. 329. The barbed arrow, from that time, has stuck in the side of the party reviewed; or in tearing it out, the pain which ensued in the gangrened wound, made him

him return the weapon with all the violence that his exhausted strength permitted. He had made an insulting apology to the editor of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, for the rap he was about to give his knuckles in the aforesaid Preface, with an insinuation that he had prepared Histories of two Parishes with which he was connected. When he found how properly both the apology and inuendo were received, he endeavours to bring discredit on the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica* itself, for the errors which he pretends to have detected in one single number out of *forty*, without vouchsafing to look into any except the xxxviiith, to gratify a learned friend who desired him to peruse it.

The attack is first levelled at Mr. *Rutherford*, the first Cambridge Antiquary who made any regular collections for an history of that county; and however your correspondent may depreciate these collections, because none of them fell to his share, it was not from a want of inclination that he failed in his purchase; and it can hardly be imagined he played the part of Puff at the auction, where, after every lot had been bid upon by him, it was knocked down to the present possessor, to the no small amusement of the assembled academicians, who enjoyed the disappointment; so that even the shadow of the probability, that "they would not have been permitted to pass out of the county, had they been deemed of much intrinsic value," vanishes away.

But let us examine the minuter corrections of this candid critic. In p. 38, we will admit *p. priorem* to be an error; but

we deny the existence of *evenerint*, or the necessity of changing *eisdem* into *istis*, or of introducing *percipient* after *plene* in the following quotation, where we affirm that the English words *receive* and *have* amply supply the place of any Latin verb. In the quotation p. 73, perhaps should be read *habens* and *annis*. But how great is the acuteness of this critic to tell us, that more particulars of the Priors of Barnwell after 1298, might have been found in the Bishop of Ely's Registers, when all that is said about them is from those very Registers. If he still has his doubts, whether more might not be found in the said Bishop's various offices, it would be kind in an Antiquary, who lives within an hour's ride of Cambridge or Ely, if he would assist his brethren who are not within forty miles from either, and furnish a Supplement of *Corrigenda* and *Addenda* to this imperfect work. He may then bring forward matter much more *entertaining* than the tale of the Two Cows, or Jacob Butler's Reveries; the one of which is, as he says, *adhuc sub judice*, and the other will never be forgotten as long as any contemporaries of the old Putt are above ground, and are at least as entertaining as many memoranda dealt out in the Memoirs of Mr. Baker, and as correct as the copy of his will.

We wait with impatience for his strictures on Sturbridge-fair; and we wish him well out of so polluted a place as *Barody* BARNWELL.

ANOTHER CANTAB.

Dec. 25, 1786.

ANECDOTES of the late Sir JOHN ELIOTT.

THE birth-place of Sir JOHN ELIOTT was Peebles in North Britain. Though at the beginning not justifying any thing looking to ards ambition, he received from his family, humble and ill provided as it was, that sufficiency of school acquirement, which, if in general only something between ignorance and learning, enables any mind of good understanding to step, upon occasion, from one to the other.—The second husband of his mother was discreetly chosen from the ministry of the Scottish Church; and thus scholastic aids were so well-given on one side, and so well taken on the other, that when but thirteen years old, Elliott had much Latin, and no little Greek!

A knack at languages was one of his happy peculiarities.—When more advan-

ced in life, he got, with much speed and little pains, into French, Italian and Spanish.—French, like Latin, he spoke very glibly, but with little finesse, either in idiom or accent. Of Spanish he had sufficient for all ordinary communications. And he was from it, a welcome guest at the Ambassador's, P. Mafferano; and had a daily cover at his table. But few Englishmen have had motives to go far in Spanish; Elliott ranked with the best, after Lord *Grantham*, but not after Mr. *Cumberland*.

When his father-in-law had imparted, as he thought, school learning enough, John Elliott served a practitioner in medicine; and after the usual time, we find him an assistant in one of the shops in the Hay-market, London.

Not long satisfied with a situation certainly so much below what befitted him, he went to *sea*. The death of his principal soon raised him from a mate to the *surgeoncy of the ship*. The day after this advance, a rich prize was taken!

With his share of this prize; with the connections formed in the voyage; and with the experience got on a large view of life; and in situations where nature has but little use of disguises, Elliott returned to London, and at once settled as a physician.

Here again time and chance immediately befriended him. Sir William Duncan took him up; and with something more than national predilection. He gave him introductions. He got him favour. And not long after, when in conjunction with George Grenville, Duncan, plunging into a mad project of *planting Greek wine in America*, left England, he every where pushed Elliott as his successor, and to him transferred all the business that was thus transferable.

The comparison with Duncan was in Elliott's favour; in address and manner, particularly to women, Elliott excelled. He therefore kept, for some time, all the business that he got. He was one of the most conspicuous and busy town-doctors. —None went to more showy houses; none was more showy, in the house he went to. He drove very fast; he went very far; with much emolument to himself; with as little injury to others, as might be! For, to do him justice, he was a very simple practitioner; and free from all hazardous experiments. And he further merited the vogue he had by moderation in medicine, as to quantity; by exactness in little things; and by discipline in diet.

According to the fortune of physicians, which Johnson so well offers as a good subject for a memoir, which gave Hunter 3000*l.* in one year, and in another year scarce as many score—according to this mutability, we are not to wonder at finding Elliott, for a little while, in still water. But he soon moves on; and till he voluntarily left business in his last illness, was in continual haste and hurry. —His fees amounted to four or five thousand pounds a year. Through Madame Schwellenberg and Lord Sackville, he became a Baronet. And by that interest, yet more aided by Lady Melbourne and the Duke of Queensbury, he got the employment of the Prince.

The confidence of the Prince, it is but fair to say, he got by his own powers.

This, if Horace is to be believed, is one strong presumption in his favour.—And further of the miscellaneous powers of his mind, an advantageous estimate may be made from his common companions. He who could live with M^rPherson, Horace Walpole, Caleb Whiteford, Astle, Townley, Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Douglas, (of St. Paul's)—and Henderson, (the actor) could have no want of conversation talents: in conversation, certainly, he could do something himself; he had much relish of what was done by others. He was cheerful; he was the cause of cheerfulness in other men. He was no exception to the supposed rule, that Nature enriching Scotland, perhaps, with better gifts, has been penurious to its natives in humour. Few questions came much amiss to him. He was rich in historical anecdote: he was easy in the introduction of it. His chief skill was in penetrating the characters of men, and knowing how to apply to them.

The love of bullion was not at all wanting; but it was not unbecoming. If he did not spare the wealthy, his practice was gratuitous to the poor. And what he got assiduously, he spent sumptuously.

If he had no great superfluity of taste, he yielded sufficiently to those who had. For in all visible efforts of expence, equipage, table, books and pictures, there was choice as well as costliness apparent.

He was naturally temperate. And tho' the pleasures of the table were very probably the efficient cause of his death, he sacrificed his strength, robust as it was, less to appetite than to sentiment. He was proud of hospitality; of hospitality, as much at large, as in "the days of good neighbours." He delighted in doing the honours of his table!—Every man is too apt to delight in what he does well.

Thus, after gratifying curiosity, and yielding this transient warning against impropriety of enjoyment, the leading inference from this little narrative applies to the hopes of life, and the ability of forcing fortune; that there is no depression of lot from which marketable talents may not emerge;—and that, after becoming preparation for knowledge and virtue, too much time cannot be given to the arts of address, and the powers of pleasing.

The concluding scenes of this life yield little other product than the well known truth, that health prodigally wasted, cannot often be retrieved. Sir John Elliott, it may be thought, lost not

a moment in the discovery of his illness; nor left untried any possible experiment for its removal. Bath, Bristol, Wales, and a sea voyage from Gravesend to Torbay, from Torbay to the Western Islands, all were tried—but tried in vain; for he died suddenly, after a short interval of apparent recovery:—*Cruikshank*,

the Anatomist, was not employed, as he should have been, to ascertain the event: but it was thought to proceed from a rupture in one of the larger vessels.—He was buried at *Hatfield*, the church nearest to *Brocket Hall*, where he died—his will very sensibly directing, that the funeral charges should not exceed 20l *.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

The following story I received from a friend at *Nisines*, which, though it may be dressed in the garb of novel and romance, really happened, a very short time since, at a small town in that neighbourhood. As it has been much admired in private, I take the liberty of transmitting it, through the medium of your Miscellany, to the Public, in hopes that it will be an addition to the many other pleasing subjects which your Magazine so often affords its readers.

I am, &c.

SPECTATOR.

MARCUS and MONIMIA.

MONIMIA was nobly born; her grandfather was nearly related to the house of Bourbon, and her father President of the Parliament of *Nisines*. The former, in his dying moments, tenacious of his hereditary distinctions, delivered to his son, to be for ever remembered, these his last words: “I transmit to you, my son, the honour and dignity of my family, as I received them, pure and unsullied; guard them whilst you live, and in your dying moments, as you have received, so transmit them to your posterity.” The bequest was lodged in the heart of his successor, and the solemn mandate, like the Persian memento, was daily reiterated. Proud, haughty, and

imperious, distant from his superiors, and not tolerating equals, he reigned the despot of his little circle. Nobility was the true, the only virtue; and to be born beneath it, was an hereditary stain; a crime of so deep a dye, as to be visited from the father upon the children. One son, highly distinguished in the annals of military fame, and the charming *Monimia*, were the fruits of a marriage with the Comtesse de —, whose life remains recorded, and her virtues blessed, not by the unmeaning tongues of monks in purchased masses, or of artful eloquence, wound up like mechanism by the annual stipend; nor are they delineated on the pedestal of the stately monument:—the laborious

* The following are the leading circumstances of the late Sir John Eliott's Will;

To his son in India—he leaves his estate in *Peebles*—on condition that he pays his eldest sister 6000l. at the end of six years.

This estate is very valuable, on account of its Superiorities, as they are called, which give great parliamentary interest. It was bought a great bargain of the Duke of *Queensbury*.

The eldest daughter has 1500l. a year during her minority.

To her mother 80l. a year.—To his six other children, small annuities; the same to six other ladies.

All these annuities eventually to center in the eldest sister or brother.

Mr. Davenport, the Surgeon; Mr. Davidson, of *Red-lion-square*; Mr. M'Pherson, and Mr. Lyon, are the Executors.

To Mr. M'Pherson he has left his *Variorum Classics*—To the two *Fordycees*, Sir William and George, a built and an ink-stand.

To Mr. Michie, the East India Director, some rum of forty years old—because he loves some punch after supper.

To Davenport—some drawings—To Lyon—some *Madeira*—To Mr. Davidson, the house in *Cecil-street*, with furniture, books, and pictures, on condition of his paying annuities to the amount of 280l. per annum.

The *Rubens* pictures of horses, valued at near 2000l.—Mr. Delme claims, as having not given them to Sir John—but lent them. Mr. M'Pherson claims his picture—Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Henderson, &c. theirs.

poor,

poor, the deserted orphan, helpless age, and afflicted widows, remain the heralds of her virtues; and whilst each sobbs his simple tale, how industry was encouraged, how affliction soothed, and how age supported, the heart shews the recorded letters, and bleeds at the fresh recital.—Monimia, the beautiful Monimia, was such; and now, like the full-budding rose, diffusing its congenial odours, “lovely and charming to the eye,” appears the pride, the admiration of all.—Nor less so was Marcus. Gifted by Nature with the most valuable endowments, which were embellished by an excellent education, he seemed formed but for Monimia. Like her, he studied virtue, and like her, he was esteemed the model of it. The father of Marcus was an old soldier; who, worn out with the fatigues of duty, had retired to his little villa, there to dedicate the short remainder of his days to humanity and religion. The Croix de St. Louis was his only given honour, a scanty pension his only subsistence. Marcus was his only child, his pride, his support; and whom peace had now restored to the arms of his aged father. Discharged from military glory, he now indulged his natural propensity in that scene where the charming Monimia was so highly distinguished. Oft had he here vied with her in the virtuous exploit, and oft had he anticipated the pleasure of doing good. In love each of them with virtue, they could not but be enamoured of its agents; and oft had the expressive eye in its hieroglyphics told what the modest tongue was as yet afraid to utter. Already had the village-tattle anticipated the nuptial vow, and already had the little infant learned to lisp the names of Marcus and Monimia.—But the haughty President had far other views; his titles, his honours, and the dignity of his family, were his chief, his only care. To support these, let nature no longer be regarded, let parental affection cease, and let an amiable, a virtuous child be abandoned and deserted.—Whilst Pride, however, forbade him to leave her in a station inferior to her birth, his meanness would not permit him to retract from his own dignity to add to her’s.—A neighbouring convent conveniently offered itself to reconcile these jarring interests; and the world was thus to be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments. The convent was of the order of St. Francis:—sad, gloomy, rigid, and austere, “Melancholy marked it for its own.”—Far different from these were the principles in-

filled into the mind of Monimia; she had been taught to regard religion but as the source of happiness and contentment; that morality included the chief of its laws; and that the world was the place destined by her Maker for the exercise of it: that to retire, and avoid the trial of it, was a species of suicide, that marked the coward afraid of the trifling ill the world could do him. “This (cries she) has many objects scattered here and there to employ the religious votary; and I am sure the small mite which I bestow on charity, gains more favour with Heaven than a thousand reiterated stripes, or years of fasting; and that the future punishment of a crime ’tis not the self-inflicted stripe which can mitigate, but the attribute of mercy to acquit.”

Whilst such were the sentiments of Monimia, no wonder she endeavoured to avoid her impending doom; but her father remained inflexible. He begged, he admonished, he reasoned, he urged, and commanded. Monimia, knowing his disposition, and the dreadful consequence, should he have the smallest suspicion of her attachment to Marcus, reluctantly complied; and the day, the fatal day, the burial of Monimia, was fixed.—And now the effects which timid bashfulness had hitherto withheld, were no longer concealed; Marcus and Monimia now mutually exchanged their long withheld tale. Much had he to say: a thousand chimeras, a thousand romantic projects filled his labouring breast: the more he wished to tell them, the less was he able; and the moment of utterance was that of separation. “Fail not, says Monimia, fail not, as you regard my affection and esteem, to be present at the ceremony. From the moment in which I appear in all the pride and ornaments of the world, to that of my interment, I entreat, I conjure you to grant me this, my last request.” Marcus swore to obey, and afterwards, like a true Petrarch, to follow the example of his Laura. Monimia having obtained her request tore herself away.—Marcus remained motionless; till his weary eyes, no longer able to pursue the object of their delight, dissolved in tears. “Miserable, unhappy wretch! (exclaims he) thou art now deprived of the sole blessing the world had to bestow upon thee! Yes, there are mortals predestined to be unhappy, and I am one of those wretched victims whose lot is misery.—Your father, say you, Monimia, was it he who instigated you to take the religious vow? who compelled

pelled you to commit this act of suicide? Unnatural wretch! Surely he deserves not such a name. He is not to be called a Father who can sacrifice his child to avarice and pride; nor is it religion to take a vow which God and Nature forbid.—O happy country! where an hereditary obligation binds the father to provide for his child, and where such passions find no resource to break the natural tie.—O Monimia! whither art thou going! Within those walls lies the deceitful Monk, that guileful serpent, who under an assumed form will betray thine unwary innocence; will talk to thee of religion, whilst he is leading thee to vice; will tell thee, thy virtue is too rich an ornament to retain; and when thou hast given it him; will say thou hast committed an act of grace in parting with it.—Cursed tyrant! whence dost thou derive such dominion? or who gave thee that arbitrary right of pronouncing judgment on thine own crimes?—Surely a threefold punishment awaits him, who assumes to be the minister of God, to tempt one to rebel against him*.—O Galen! Galen! e'en thy virtue, when in a desert, secluded from the eye of the world, could not resist the temptation of vice: hadst thou been there, thy mind, taken up and employed in the exercise of virtue, its predominant passion, had ne'er thought of vice; but solitude produced the gap, and whilst the one was inactive, the other crept in, and usurped its dominion.—O Monimia! stay, for heaven's sake."—The curfew tolled its solemn knell.—Marcus started, as one awakened from a frightful dream; he stood fixed and motionless; till recollecting Monimia's last request, he hurried to the fatal spot. Scarce had he arrived, ere Monimia entered the chapel, encircled with a nu-

merous *convoy* of relations, and bedecked in all the elegance and splendor which art and nature could bestow. The religious of the order were arranged on each side of the altar; who, as soon as Monimia entered the chapel, began their pious hymn; and in melodious strains sung the folly and misery of the world, and the happiness and tranquillity of the life of the religious. On the right of the altar was the bishop of the province, to whom the head of the order, the hymn being finished, presented Monimia. The first question was then demanded—"Dost thou thoroughly despise and hate the folly and vanity of the world, and canst thou dedicate the remainder of thy life to God and religion?" Monimia having given the affirmative, was conducted from the chapel into the convent, to be stripped of all her pompous ornaments, and to prepare to make the last, the fatal vow.—The little bell gave the tinkling signal; and in an instant re-entered the abbess with the rest of the order, bearing the coffin of Monimia, and chanting her solemn dirge. Monimia followed, now dressed in the habit of a religious; her beauteous long training locks cut off, and a veil concealing her charming countenance.—Once more she was conducted to the bishop, in the midst of the whole order and her numerous relations, to make the last, the binding vow.—A solemn silence now ensued.—Monimia looked around, and espied her Marcus, his eyes fixed upon her, and petrified to the spot.—"I accept him (she cried) for my husband, and here make my solemn vow to be eternally his."—The rev. prelate, indignant as he was, was obliged to ratify it when thus made, and to join the hands of *Marcus* and *Monimia*.

* See Thicknes's Tour through France, &c.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BURNING WELL AT BARRAHCOON.

[From the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE, printed at Calcutta.]

MY curiosity being excited by the many reports I had heard of this prodigy, I was determined to see it, and accordingly set out in company with two Gentlemen, from Islamabad, in the province of Chittagong. We proceeded as far as Jaffrabad in our palanquins: but we here found the creeks so full of water, it being then the rainy season, that we were obliged to relinquish that mode of conveyance, and were under the necessity of applying to the natives to get us some elephants, which in about an hour after-

wards they brought us. We were now preparing to mount them, when their keepers presented us with some plantains, and informed us, that by offering them to the elephants we proposed riding, it would secure us their friendship during our journey, and make them very careful of us in passing through the woods. We followed their advice, and presented the fruit, which was very gratefully accepted, and a grand salaam given us by the elephants with their trunks on the top of their foreheads. After this salutation they

they immediately laid down, holding one of their knees up in the manner of a step, that we might with greater facility get upon their backs. We rode about eight miles, when we approached the mountain of Barrahcoon, and very soon afterwards entered a cavity between two small hills. We had advanced but a little way when a variety of insects surrounded us, and began to be very troublesome, which the elephants no sooner observed, than they quickly relieved us from this misfortune. Each of them broke a branch of a tree, which he put in his trunk, and continually kept fanning us with it, so that the flies had no opportunity of annoying us. At first we were very much alarmed, fearing that the elephants, in defending themselves against the insects, would shake us from their backs. However, we soon lost all apprehensions on this score; for we perceived they used the greatest precaution not to hurt us, but very gently shook the branches over our heads for the purpose of keeping the flies off. Whenever they had, by fanning us in this manner, worn off the leaves from one branch, they would immediately break a fresh one. We proceeded further, about four miles, through the most disagreeable road that was ever seen, and had not the elephants shewed the utmost attention to our situation, we must have been bruised and torn to pieces by the boughs of different trees of an immense large size. We at length arrived at the place which was the object of our journey; but a little before we reached it, a very romantic scene presented itself to our view. We saw several waterfalls from rugged precipices, of a most tremendous height, interspersed here and there with trees. We were obliged to ascend a flight of steps, to an amazing height, in order to get to the top of the hill, where the burning well was. As soon as we approached the top, we were met by several Faukeers, who live in small temples, and attend the sacrifices frequently made there. They conducted us into one with a dome over it; but before we came up to the entrance of it, we heard a hollow noise resembling that of thunder; and on entering, we found it emitted from it a shocking sulphureous smell. We discovered, on looking down a flight of steps, a quantity of water issuing out of the sides of rocks, and a blue flame covering the whole surface of the water, which every bubble that came

from below, used to encrease, and make to go off in a kind of explosion. The scene was really frightful. One of us went down, notwithstanding the noxious vapours it sent forth, as we were determined to see whether it was not a piece of priestcraft occasioned by a sulphureous furnace at the bottom, in order to impose upon the ignorant, and to sanctify in some measure the superstitious ideas of the Faukeers. The Gentleman who descended, dipt his cane into the water, and to his great surprize found it possessed not the least warmth: he then put his hand into a place that was clear from the flame, but the water there he discovered was excessively cold. He observed that the stones where the water issued out of, appeared very hot, and imagined that through this means the flame might be communicated to the water. He called for a kedgereepot, and poured some water upon the stones, which cooled them immediately; but still, when the water bubbled up again, he perceived the flash directly the same, and the stones very quickly re-assumed their former red colour. The water tasted as if there had been some sulphur and verdigrease infused in it. The colour of the stones about the well varied—those nearest to it were red, but others at a greater distance were quite blue. During our stay several of the bearers bathed in the well.

Having heard there was fire constantly issuing from a rock at Setacoon, we visited the place; it was about four miles distant from the well. The blaze was not so violent or great here as at the former place—the flame in any one part did not exceed what a cup of spirits set on fire might produce.

On a neighbouring hill there were many Hindu temples. We went to view them, but took notice that in our approach the Faukeers rung a bell for some little time. We entered one of the temples, in which we perceived a large hard blue stone, and on the top a small figure of a bacchanalian form: there was so much dew on the stone, that in running off at one of its corners it resembled a small stream. We suppose that about a common wine bottle might be filled by the water, that ran down, in the course of an hour. It seemed strongly imregnated with sulphur. After amusing ourselves for some time with this sight, we mounted our elephants and returned home.

VIATOR.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN ELEPHANT.

[From the Same.]

IN every respect the noblest quadruped in nature is the Elephant, not less remarkable for its size, than its docility and understanding.

With a very awkward appearance, he possesses all the senses in great perfection, and is capable of applying them to more useful purposes than any other animal. All historians concur in giving it the character of the most sagacious creature next to man; and naturalists have given us uncommon instances of its ingenuity. For the following instance of its memory and docility, we are indebted to Ralph Leeke, Esq. Collector of Tipperah, in the district of Chittagong; and we hope, our readers will derive much amusement from an account as authentic as it is curious.

"JUGGUTPEEAREE, a female Elephant, was taken in a *Kheddah*, with many others, at Tipperah, in the year 1172, B. S. by the present Rajah, *Kishan Maunick*, and given by him six months afterwards, to *Abdoor Rezah*, the Dewan of Shumshur Gauzee, who had possession of the province by a Sunnud from *Jaffer Ally Cawn*. A force was, in the year 1174, B. S. sent against *Abdoor Rezah* by the Rajah, when he turned this Elephant, which he had used as a Swarry Elephant for near three years, loose into the Jungles.

"In the year 1177, B. S. in the month of *Maug*, the Rajah took this Elephant again in a *Kheddah*; and in the month of *Bylag*, the following year, she broke loose from her peggetting in a violent storm of wind and rain in the night, and made her second escape into the hills. On the 25th of December last, she was drove, with seventy other Elephants, by my people into a *Kheddah*. On the 26th I went to see the Elephants that were ensnared, when *Juggutpeearce* was pointed out to me by the *Mahotes* who recollected her, and particularly by one who had charge of her for a year or two. The *Mahotes* frequently called out to her by the name of *Juggutpeearce*, to which she seemed to pay some attention by immediately looking towards them when she heard it, but did not answer to the name in the manner she was known to do when the abovementioned *Mahote* had charge of her. She appeared not like the other Elephants, who were constantly running about the *Kheddah* in a rage, but perfectly reconciled to her confinement; nor

did she, no doubt from a recollection of what she had twice before suffered, from that time to the 13th instant, ever come near the *Roomce*. I had ordered, if she wanted to go into the *Roomce*, not to let her, that I might be present myself, when she was taken out of the *Kheddah*; and for this purpose, I went, on the 13th instant, when there only remained in the *Kheddah*, *Juggutpeearce*, another large female, and eight young ones belonging to them both. After sending in the *Koomkeys*, and securing the large female, I told the *Mahotes* to call *Juggutpeearce*. She immediately came to the side of the ditch within the enclosure. I then sent two or three *Mahotes* into her with a plantain tree. She came to the *Mahotes*, and not only took the plantain leaf out of their hands with her trunk, but opened her mouth for them, to put the plantain leaf into it, which they did, stroking and caressing her, and calling her by her name. The *Mahotes* wanted, at first, to tie her legs, by means of the *Koomkeys*, thinking, as she had been so long in the jungles, and had then four young ones about her, that she was not to be trusted; however, I insisted, as I saw the animal so very tame and harmless, that they should not attempt to tie her, and told a *Mahote* to take one of the *Koomkeys* up to her, and take her by the ear and tell her to lie down. She did not like the *Koomkeys* coming near her, and went at a distance seemingly angry; but when the *Mahotes* called her she came to them immediately, and allowed them to stroke and caress her as before, and a few minutes afterwards admitted the *Koomkeys* to familiarity with her, when a *Mahote* from one of the *Koomkeys* fastened a small rope round her body, and immediately from the *Koomkey* jump'd upon her back, which, at the instant of the man's jumping upon her, she did not seem to like; however, was almost immediately reconciled to it: another small rope was then fasten'd about her neck, for the *Mahote* to fix his feet in: he went upon her neck, and drove her about the *Kheddah* in the same manner as the other tame Elephants. He then told her to lie down, which she instantly did, nor did she rise till she was told. The *Mahote* fed her from his seat, and gave her his stick, which she took from him with her trunk and put it into her mouth, and held it for him; in short, had there been more wild Elephants

in the *Kheddah* to tie, she would have been useful for securing them. As soon as she came out of the *Kheddah* I went up to her, took her by the ear, and told her to lie down; a command which she instantly obeyed. She was brought to Commilla the next day, which is about 12 miles from the *Kheddah*, and half an hour ago, I had her brought to me and fed her, and without touching her, told her to lie down, which she did immediately: she had four young ones (of her own) with her in the *Kheddah*, and is now very big with young.

"I have not exaggerated in the least in this account, which three other Gentlemen can vouch for, having been witnesses to every material circumstance I have mentioned.

Commilla,
Jan. 15, 1783.

R. L."

N. B. Juggutpeecree. The name of the Elephant, given to her when she was first taken.

Kheddah. A strong inclosure about 500 yards in circumference, into which the Elephants are driven; within it is a ditch from 6 to 8 cubits deep, and from 10 to 12 cubits wide.

Roomes. A strong narrow passage without the *Kheddah*, into which the Elephants are enticed singly by food, and there secured; in this close confinement they exert the utmost of their strength, till they bruise, and almost exhaust themselves.

Koomkey. A tame female Elephant made use of to tie and secure the wild ones.

Mahote. An Elephant-driver, who generally rides upon the neck of the animal, and guides him with a pointed iron like a large fish-hook.

B. S. Bengal Stile.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

A late perusal of the writings of Dr. ROBERT BOLTON excited in me a wish to be informed of the life of that excellent author. I immediately referred to the new editions of the *Biographia Britannica* and the *Biographical Dictionary*, both which, to my great surprize, are totally silent respecting a man to whom the world is under very considerable obligations. Search and enquiry have led me to the knowledge of several particulars concerning him, which if you think them of sufficient importance, you are at liberty to insert in the *European Magazine*.

I am, &c.

READINENSIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF DOCTOR ROBERT BOLTON.

DOCTOR ROBERT BOLTON was born in Northamptonshire, about the year 1690, and received his education at Wadham College, Oxford, where, on the 13th June 1718, he took the degree of Master of Arts. Being a valetudinarian and hypochondriac, he found a college-life not agreeable to his temper; and being possessed of a small private fortune, he did not reside long at Oxford. In 1720 he lived at Fulham, where his acquaintance commenced with Mrs. Butler, which afterwards occasioned his being known to Mr. Pope; and he sometimes took up his abode with old Lady

Blount at Twickenham. About 1724 he resided at Kensington, where the celebrated Mr. Whiston then dwelt, and in part by his recommendation, on the resignation of Dr. Butler, afterwards bishop of Durham, of the chaplainship to Sir Joseph Jekyl, master of the rolls, our author was received into that gentleman's family in the same capacity, and continued there unto the time of Sir Joseph's death. In the year 1734 he printed in the newspaper of the time, a character of Mrs. Butler, the lady before-mentioned, which our readers will not be displeased to read below.* This eulogi-

* It was in the *Grub-Street Journal* of November 28, 1734, in the following words:

"On Monday the 11th of this instant, after a short confinement to her bed by a fever, died at Rowden in Suffex, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Grace Butler, one of the daughters and coheirs to Matthew Caldecott, Esq. of Selmeiston, widow of James Butler, Esq. of Amberly Castle, in Suffex, mother of James Butler, Esquire, Representative of that county in the present Parliament, and of the Lady Blount, relict of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, Bart. Grace and Elizabeth, her two other daughters, continue unmarried.

"Few in a private station have left the world more to its concern, and none to its greater

um produced the following lines, in the Pope to our author, which are not in-
name of the deceased lady, from Mr. inserted in any edition of his works †.

“ greater loss.” The many years of her widowhood passed intirely in the endeavour to
“ make herself innocent and useful, in acts of piety and beneficence. Agreeable to
“ her notions of religion (and they were the purest and noblest I ever met with) was
“ her practice of it in every instance : you saw its power in the mother and mistress,
“ friend and neighbour : the sense of duty governed her whole conduct ; made it
“ throughout equal, consistent : her seriousness was not occasional, her compo-
“ sure limited to the church or the closet ; she was always the same person,
“ always undisturbed and unruffled, calm and resigned ; free from humour and pas-
“ sion, from the least appearance of frowardness and impatience, of uneasiness and
“ discontent. When she reproved, it was with that moderation, that meekness, those
“ expressions of kindness and good will, that she offended not the proudest spirit, or
“ inflamed the most violent. When she advised, it was with such a distrust of her
“ judgment, such a deference to yours, that she might be thought rather desirous to
“ know the sentiments of them to whom she applied, than to offer her own. Personal
“ censure never came from her lips, if the safety of the innocent rendered it not neces-
“ sary to be unreserved on the character of the guilty. She spoke little, when the
“ conversation turned not on some religious or moral point : but her observations on
“ the ordinary subjects of discourse were sure to be such, that you clearly perceived,
“ where she was silent it was not because she knew not what to say, but because she
“ judged rightly what ought not to be said. From the sobriety and regularity which
“ she required in her domestics, the books of piety she was careful to put into their
“ hands, the religious exercises on which she obliged them constantly to attend, they
“ might be imagined dissatisfied with restraints so unusual, or disposed to ridicule a
“ zeal so singular, or so devoted to spiritual concerns as but ill to discharge the part
“ they had to act in temporal. It was the very reverse ; they loved her as their friend,
“ they honoured her as their parent, they mentioned her not but in terms of the highest
“ respect and veneration ; you no where saw an attendance more conformable to the
“ strictest rules of decorum and civility.

“ My acquaintance with her begun fourteen years since, when she lived in the parish
“ of Fulham. I never heard of any in distress there that sought in vain her assistance ;
“ she was not only willing to relieve such as applied to her, but she took the utmost
“ pains to find out such as wanted relief : you could not give her greater pleasure,
“ than in acquainting her where her alms would be seasonable : there was not, I be-
“ lieve, (and speak upon the best authority) the single person in that large parish,
“ helpless through age or sickness, of whose necessities she received not information,
“ and who shared not instantly her bounty. The numbers she assisted, and the sums
“ she gave were so considerable, that you would be apt to imagine the fund for her
“ domestic occasions must be very disproportionate to the figure proper for her to
“ make ; that so much distributed abroad would suffer very little to be spent at home :
“ but there you saw not less elegance and plenty, than could have been expected, had
“ she considered only her friends and family ; you never surprised her ; all found a
“ reception suitable to their rank ; her entertainment of the great shewed the same ge-
“ nerosity that influenced her regard to the indigent. The praise and reward of virtue
“ she sought from heaven only, as solicitous to conceal as practise it ; her good
“ works were published by those they advantaged : she remembered no kindness but
“ what she received, and each trifle of that sort she never forgot. So easy and affable,
“ so humble and candid, that had you pronounced her worth by any sense of it she
“ discovered, the best of her sex had been levelled with the meanest.

“ My concern for this excellent person makes me forget myself ; while I designed
“ but her general character, I am writing her life : and could I do her justice, I should
“ be engaged in nothing with greater pleasure, except in imitating it. Receive this
“ imperfect representation of her, hastily drawn up by one who bears no relation to
“ her family, who has no dependance upon, or any the least expectations from it :
“ what is here said in her praise is but a very small part of what might be : thousands
“ will confirm the testimony I bear her ; and were truth less my study than I am
“ willing it should be thought, I should certainly be upon my guard, that I offended
“ not against it in describing her, whose opinions, words and actions it alone di-
“ rected.”

† Mr. Ruffhead, in his *Life of Pope*, p. 408. has given these verses, which he

Strip't to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in
day;

Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with
life;

Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond ef-
fays,

And tho' unbodily conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?

Does passion still the firmless mind con-
troul?

Can gratitude outpant the silent breath,
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of
death?

No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss,
That feels the worth it left in proofs like
this;

That not its own applause, but thine ap-
proves,

Whose practice praises, and whose virtue
love;

Who liv'd to crown departed friends with
fame,

Then dying late shalt all thou gav'st re-
claim.

It is to be presumed that Dr. Bolton's connection with Sir Joseph Jekyl, introduced him to the patronage of Lord Hardwicke, by whose means in the year 1735, he was promoted to the Deanery of Carlisle. In 1738 he was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and both these preferments, the only ones he ever received, he held until the time of his death. He was an excellent parish-priest, and a good preacher, charitable to the poor; and having from his own valetudinary state acquired some knowledge of physic, he kindly assisted them by advice and medicine. He was greatly beloved by his parishioners, and deservedly; for he per-

formed every part of his duty in a truly exemplary manner. On Easter Tuesday 1739 he preached one of the Spital sermons at St. Bride's, Fleet-street, which was afterwards printed in 4to. We do not find that he aspired to the character of an author, though so well qualified for it, until late in life. His first performance was entitled, "A Letter to a Lady on Card-Playing on the Lord's Day," 8vo. 1748; setting forth in a lively and forcible manner the many evils attending the practice of gaming on Sundays, and of an immoderate attachment to that fatal pursuit at any time. In 1750 appeared "The Employment of Time," three essays, 8vo. dedicated to Lord Hardwicke; the most popular of our author's performances, and, on its original publication, generally ascribed to Gilbert West. The next year, 1751, produced "The Deity's Delay in punishing the Guilty considered on the Principles of Reason," 8vo. and in 1755, "An Answer to the Question, Where are your Arguments against what you call Lewdness, if you can make no Use of the Bible?" 8vo.

Continuing to combat the prevailing vices of the times, he published in 1757, "A Letter to an Officer of the Army on travelling on Sundays," 8vo; and in the same year, "The Ghost of Ernest, Great-Grandfather of Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales. With some Account of his Life," 8vo. Each of the above performances contains good sense, learning, philanthropy, and religion, and each of them is calculated for the advantage of society.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTERS from Mr. FENN's COLLECTION, lately published.

* To my reverend Master Thomas Daniel †, Esquire for the King's Body ‡, be this Letter delivered in haste.

MOST reverend Master, I recommend ever desiring to hear of your worshipful me unto your gracious Mastership, estate, the which Almighty God main-
fays—"have never yet been printed, and for which the public is indebted to the Honourable Mr. Yorke." In this assertion, however, he was mistaken; they were printed soon after the writing of them in The Prompter, No. 8. and since in the works of Aaron Hill, vol. iv. p. 153. who by mistake ascribes the character of Mrs. Butler to Mr. Pope.

* This letter must have been written in the reign of Henry VI. but in what year I cannot say.

† Thomas Daniel, Esq. had a grant of the Constableness of Rising Castle in Norfolk, dated 8th Sept. 1486, 27th Henry VI. He was afterwards made a Knight, and married Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert, and sister of Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. He was attainted in 1461, 1 Ed. IV. but restored in 1474, 14 Edw. IV.

‡ An Esquire of the King's body was an officer of great trust, lodged near; and during the night all messages, &c. were delivered by him in person to the King.

tain

tain it, and increase it unto his pleasure §.

Pleasing you to know of my welfare, and of all your men, at the making of this letter, we were in good health of body, blessed be God.

Moreover, Master, I send you word by Ravly Pickering of all matters, the which I beseech you give him credence; as he will inform you of all, so sure I beseech you in the reverence of God, that ye will inform our Sovereign Lord the King of all matters that I send you in this letter; like as I have sent a letter to my Lord Chancellor, and to all my Lords, by the said Pickering; the which letter I beseech you that ye take and deliver to my Lord, and all my Lords, by your own hands, and let the said Pickering declare all things as he hath seen and known.

First, I send you word that when we went to sea, we took two ships of Breff coming out of Flanders; and then after, there is made a great arming in Britayne to meet with me and my fellowship, that is to say, the great ship of Breff, the great ship of Morlaix, the great ship of Vannes, with other eight ships, barges and balingers, to the number of 3000 men, and so we lay on the sea to meet with them.

And then we met with a flote* of an hundred great ships of Pruse, Lubeck, Campe, Rostock, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders†, betwixt Guernsey and Portland; and there I came aboard the Admiral, and bade him strike in the King's name of England, and they bade me go strike in the King's name of England; and then I and my fellowship said, "But we will strike down the sail, that I will over sail them by the grace of God, and God will send me wind and weather;" and they bade me do my worst, because I had so few ships, and so small, that they scorned me.

And as God would, on Fryday last was, we had a good wind; and then we armed us to the number of 2000 men in my fellowship, and made us ready for to over sail them; and then they launched a boat, and set up a standard of truce, and came and speak with me, and there they were yeilded all the hundred ships, to go with me into what port that me hit and my fellows; but they fought with me the day before, and shot at us a 1000 guns and quarrels out of number, and

have slain many of my fellowship and maimed also.

Wherefore methinketh they have forfeited both ships and goods at our Sovereign Lord the King's will.

Beseeching you that ye do your part in this matter, for this I have written to my Lord Chancellor, and all my Lords of the King's Council; and so I have brought them, all the hundred ships, within Wight ‖, in spite of them all.

And ye might get leave of our Sovereign Lord the King to come hither, it shall turn you to great worship, and profit, to help make our appointment in the King's name; for ye saw never such a sight of ships taken into England this hundred winters: for we lie armed night and day to keep them in, to the time that we have tidings of our Sovereign, and his Council; for truly they have done harm to me, and to my fellowship, and to your ships, more than 2000l. worth (of) harm.

And therefore I am advised, and all my fellowship, to drown them and slay them, without that we have tidings from our Sovereign the King, and his Council; and therefore in the reverence of God come ye yourself, and ye shall have a great avail, and worship, for your coming to see such a sight; for I dare well say, that I have here at this time, all the chief ships of Dutchland, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, and now it were time for to treat for a final peace, as for these parts.

I write no more to you at this time, but Almighty Jesu have (you) in his keeping.

I write in haste within Wight on Sunday at night after the Ascension of our Lord,

By your own Servant,

ROBERT WENYNGTON.

Unto my right well beloved Valentine John Paston Esquire be this Bill delivered, &c.

RIGHT reverend and worshipful and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire.

§ Pleasure.

* Fleet.

† These were great marts for trade.

‖ The Isle of Wight.

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heel * of body nor of heart, nor shall be 'till I hear from you ; for there wottys † no creature what pain that I endure, and for to be dead I dare it not discover.

And my Lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But that if ye love me as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore, *for that if ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman on life might, I would not forsake you †.*

And if ye command me to keep true wherever I go, I wis I will do all my might you to love and never no mo : And if my friends say, that I do amils,

They shall not me let so for to do, Mine heart me bids evermore to love you,

Truly over all earthly thing ;

And if they be never so wrath,

I trust it shall be better in time coming.

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping ; and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only yourself, &c.

And this letter was indited at Topcroft with full heart, &c.

Febry 1476-7

By your own

16 Ed. IV

MARGERY BREWS.

To my right well beloved Cousin John Paston Esquire be this Letter delivered, &c.

RIGHT worshipful and well beloved Valentine, in my most humble wise I recommend me unto you, &c. And heartily I thank you for the Letter which

that ye send me by John Bickerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you. I would be most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter might grow to effect. And thereas § ye say, and (*if*) ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did afore time, ye would no more put my father and my Lady my mother to no cost nor business for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy ; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

And as for myself, I have done and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth ; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an rool. and 50 marks ||, which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

Wherefore if that ye could be content with that good and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground ; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I understood by you afore ; good true and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you as to come more for that matter, but let (*what*) is, pass, and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and beadwoman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

By your Valentine

MARGERY BREWS.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

A Collection of Tracts relative to the Law of England, from Manuscripts now first edited by Francis Hargrave, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4to. 11. 7s. Brooke.

(Concluded from Page 41.)

IN our last Number we laid before the reader an extract from Mr. Hargrave's Preface, where he gave his ideas of the relative situation of England and Ireland, and the

circumstances under which the two countries both stood, at the time when the late measures of Independence were brought forward. It would be exceeding the

* Health.

† Knows.

‡ These words printed in Italics, though in the original, are, by some accident, omitted by Mr. Fenn in the modernized Copy. We have therefore restored them.

§ Whereas.

|| 33l. 6s. 8d.

bounds

bounds of our Review to extract any more of the learned Editor's observations on the same topic, which are so justly deserving the reader's attention.

The next subject which engages Mr. Hargrave's attention, is that important article of Prerogative, the power of opening and shutting the ports, and embargoes. He considers what is said by Lord Hale in the tract now printed, as well as in an unpublished work of the same author, which it is hoped he will some day furnish us with; and then brings our recollection to the remarkable debate in the House of Lords in 1766, on the embargo then laid upon the exportation of wheat, by the advice of a certain Law Lord, whose popularity was the reward of his steady defence of the liberty of the subject, and of his devoted attachment to a free constitution.

While the Editor is introducing the reader to Lord Hale's tract upon the Amendment of the Law, he digresses shortly upon two objects that have lately become favourite articles of discussion, *The Reforms of Office*, and *The Sale of Crown Lands*; and from thence to the long-talked-of though never-to-be-expected reform of our laws, which, particularly by the great increase of statutes within these last years, threaten, in his opinion, to exceed the limits to which the memory and capacity of the lawyer's mind must be confined. The Editor's ideas upon this very important object ought to be given in his own words, as they express his sentiments with great fullness and energy.

IT is no more than might be expected from such active zeal for public good as Lord Hale's, that, notwithstanding the unusual weight of his judicial and professional fatigues, and the variety of studies to which he was addicted independently of the law, he should be prompted to give some attention to the reduction and improvement of the laws of his country, and to encourage others in like undertakings. Long before his time, Lord Bacon had anxiously laboured to accomplish a work of the same laudable kind, as appears by several of his printed works: namely, his proposal for amendment of our law, made to the crown whilst he was attorney general; his offer, when under his disgrace and troubles, to assist in composing a digest of our laws both common and statute; and his remarks on obscurity, accumulation, and new digests of law, in his great work *DE AUGMENTIS SCIENTIARUM*. Thus even in Lord Bacon's time the evil from the obsolescence of various

titles in our common law, and the evil from the increased bulk of our statutes, were sufficient to strike his mind as a serious one. After the Restoration both evils not only had considerably increased; but from the great revolution as to the law of real property, which then took place under the statute converting military tenures into socage, and from the increasing frequency of new laws, were likely to be yearly more aggravated. Lord Hale certainly took alarm at this prospect of growing inconveniences in a venerable and fine structure, which from its antiquity was already encumbered with too many useless apartments, and from the nature of our constitution was particularly open to a superabundance of new accessions. Hence therefore, notwithstanding his apparent jealousy of the proneness to innovation, for which the age in which he lived had proved itself almost characteristic, he convinced himself, that some remedy was become requisite, to reduce and simplify our system, as well by lopping off ancient redundancies, as by encouraging an orderly digest and a correct elucidation of all the remaining matter. The former purpose could not be attained without the sanction of the legislature. Nor could either be effectuated in the best manner, without an union of private labors in the extended vineyard of juridical learning under the fostering encouragement of royal patronage. For where was the single individual equal to so vast a design? where could have been found the many qualified by education study and talents for a joint execution, whose situation would allow them to make the necessary sacrifice of their time without a prospect of retribution from their country? or how could it be expected, that lawyers, such as the great Tribonian and his illustrious associates, would desert all private pursuits and all professional emoluments for the sake of digesting national laws, without a Justitian to patronize their toils, and to reward them with some portion of distinction and independence? Lord Bacon's discernment apparently saw the matter in this light; for from the beginning he addressed King James, as if royal countenance was essential to the execution of such high plans: nor could Lord Hale be ignorant, that in England such enterprizes wanted the patronage of an Edward the first to feed and cherish them. So far as single persons, so much detached by public employment and important studies and occupation of another kind, could well contribute by the combined exertions of genius and learning, was performed in a very considerable degree by Bacon, and in a very wonderful one by Hale. Pity it is, that, from their times down to the present moment, the

the body of our law has been suffered continually and rapidly to increase, with scarce any other aids to contract its bulk or preserve its consistency, than those of occasional private contribution. What would a Bacon or a Hale have said; what would they have advised; had they lived to have seen our statute law not only swelled already into more than tenfold size beyond that which so alarmed their apprehensions, but still yearly extending its dimensions by such a ratio, as must soon terminate in a bulk immeasurable by the most industrious and accomplished of legal understandings? Would two such zealous friends to English jurisprudence, far exceeding even the Tribonian and Theophilus of the school of Roman law, have been mere spectators of the most dangerous of all juridical diseases? Would they not have generously offered their aid, towards forming a plan, for as gradually curing this disease of infinite accumulation, as it has been gradually and almost imperceptibly contracted? Would they not, were they now living, have earnestly supplicated the sovereign, or perhaps the parliament, to save the country from that ruin, which must ensue the moment the science of law and the administration of justice shall cease to be practicable?—These questions lead the mind into such a field of high national topics, that I fear at this time to continue the train of thoughts which momentarily occur to me. To engage in such an enterprize, at any time, or under any circumstances, might be extreme rashness in one ill situated and sparingly endowed as I am. It is an ocean far too boisterous for a little shattered bark like mine; and therefore cannot be too soon quitted.

Among the various disquisitions in this learned and interesting Preface, none does more honour to the Editor's head and heart, than his vindication of the character of that great and good man and magistrate Lord Hale, from the aspersions of the entertaining, but partial, historian and biographer Roger North. That Mr. Hargrave has bestowed his pains on an

object which was highly deserving the zeal of a professional man, is evinced by the new testimony he himself has brought forward. This consists in a curious paper written by Lord Hale at the time of the Restoration; where he explains the state of his mind, upon the offer made of advancing him to the Bench of Justice. This paper Mr. Hargrave has printed in a note to his Preface, and is intitled, "Reasons why I desire to be spared from any Place of public Employment." In the present age, when all are so eager for promotion, we cannot refrain from informing the reader, that this conscientious Lawyer begged to decline the office of a Judge, *because* his estate was small, being 500*l.* per annum, with a debt on it of 1000*l.* and six children unprovided for;—thinking that, of all things, it is most unseemly for a Judge to be necessitous. To this he adds many other scrupulous reasons, that are now not so easily understood.

Thus far of the Editor's Preface to a work which contains so much curious and interesting matter, and cannot fail of detaining the attention of every Lawyer. The tract of Lord Hale upon the Customs is particularly interesting at the present crisis, when a reform of the old establishment is before Parliament.

Mr. Hargrave's own discourse upon the Rule in Shelly's case, is a great acquisition, and will be found a guide to those who long wandered in the maze of numerous and contradictory cases, without striking out a principle and clue to direct them. Lord Hale's tract on the Amendment of the Law; the Editor's on the Effect of Sentences in the Ecclesiastical Courts; and that of Mr. Norburi on the Abuses in the Court of Chancery; are particularly deserving attention. It is to be hoped, that this new plan of adding to the present stock of Law Books can be pursued by Mr. Hargrave consistently with his professional engagements.

A Probationary Ode for the Laureatship. By George Keate, Esq. Written in 1785. With Notes Critical and Explanatory by the Editor. 4to. 2s. Kearsley.

MALIGNITY and Dullness are here shooting their arrows against Genius and Worth. The Gentleman intended to be injured by this feeble attack, and whose name is impudently placed in the title-page, will doubtless treat this Probationary Ode with the neglect it merits; and we should pass it without notice, did we

not think it necessary to inform our readers, that it does not come from the pen which has afforded so much entertainment in former Probationary Odes, to which indeed this has no resemblance. We suspect, from some circumstances, that this despicable performance is not the malice of a literary assassin.

Evidences of the Christian Religion, briefly and plainly stated. By James Beattie, L. L. D. F. R. S. E. Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Member of the Zealand Society of Arts and Sciences, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 2 vols. 12mo. London. Cadell. Edinburgh. Creech. 1786.

THE author of the performance before us is well known to the literary world. In more than one department he has exerted the powers of his mind, and has earned both profit and fame. As a poet, and particularly in the Minstrel, he will long be a favourite of such as are pleased with rural simplicity, and the unaffected touches of natural sensibility. In an age like ours, when we have in a manner forgotten the luxuriance of Shakspeare, the sublime of Milton, the vigour of Dryden, and the moral vein of Pope; in such an age a Beattie claims no mean rank at the shrine of the Muses. But, not contented with this attractive and agreeable service, the author before us entered the lists as the champion of religion, broke a lance with David Hume, and produced a bulky volume upon the Immutability of Truth. We all remember the ridiculous story, so industriously propagated by the Professor and his confederates, that while the arch Infidel laughed at the impotent efforts of an Adams, a Campbell, a Douglas, and a Price, the name of Beattie ever acted upon him like an electrical shock, and his visitors were obliged to be cautioned not to pronounce it in his presence. Meanwhile, whatever fame the Professor's volumes might otherwise acquire him, certain it is they recommended him to the hierarchy of the Church of England, and won for him the patronage of my Lords the Bishops.

The performance before us is the fruit of this patronage, and was brought forward at the particular desire of Bishop Porteus. It is the production certainly of a man sincerely zealous for the cause in which he engages, possessed of some share of abilities, master of himself in a life of leisure and retirement, and whose judgement might be expected to be matured by the errors into which he has fallen, and by a long series of experience. Such was the writer whose work we have perused, and with expectations inspired by circumstances like these, did we open his volumes.

We need not go back, as Dr. Beattie would do, to Cicero and Quintilian to learn, that he who addresses the public should begin by endeavouring to prepossess his auditors, or his readers, in favour of what he has to say. In conformity to

this laudable precept, the brief and plain statement before us is opened by an Introduction of eight or ten pages, which seems to have been designed to answer this purpose. But the world, perhaps, will be of opinion with us, that it has not been successfully answered, when he finds the exordium concluded with a sentiment like this :

“ The reader now sees what is aimed at in this little book. If he think my pretensions too high, or my hopes too sanguine, he will allow, however, that, as the subject of a free government, I have an undoubted right to publish, whether they be attended to or not, the reasons which have determined me to adhere to that religion wherein I had the happiness to be educated.”

This is the true style of *John Blunt, the Englishman*, and resembles the language of a parson we once heard preach, who introduced every coarse and improper sentiment in his sermon with the phrase, “ I don't care who I offend.”

So much has already been written on the Evidences of the Christian Religion, and every part of the subject has been illustrated by men of so elevated talents, that a person who should now undertake to address the world on this topic, ought to be able to treat it in a very masterly manner, or at least to comprise the substance of many volumes in a performance of strength, precision, and energy. We are afraid much of this cannot be said in favour of the work of Dr. Beattie. It might certainly have the advantage of omitting all those plausible but thin-spun arguments, which have been refuted a thousand times by infidels, and which have been given up by the most learned defenders of Christianity. A man who states these over again, however little weight he may profess to ascribe to them, injures the cause he undertakes to defend. The young mind that perceives many pages of this Liliputian performance to be occupied by arguments, the unsoundness of which is hesitatingly confessed, will be apt, from these specimens, to make a general conclusion to the disadvantage of the book and of the cause.

That the reader may be able to judge how formidable a Militant is this grave Professor, we will present him with a few

specimens of his logic. Treating of the prophecies of the Old Testament, he observes, that "the argument from them cannot fail to make a strong impression on every candid and considerate mind, especially when we find our Saviour and his Apostles, whose veracity and supernatural knowledge we can prove by *other evidence*, appealing to these prophecies, and thereby justifying their doctrine and conduct." Thus by a mode of reasoning familiar to logicians, and which is usually called *arguing in a circle*, the prophecies prove the authenticity of Christianity, and the veracity of Christ proves the authenticity of the prophecies.

Having dismissed the external, our author comes to what has been called the internal evidence of Religion. And here he produces a variety of specimens of the excellence of its morality; and excellent it undoubtedly is; though we think this might have remained a secret, notwithstanding the labours of Doctor Beattie. Among these specimens is the following: "Purity of *heart* it still further recommends by teaching this wonderful doctrine; that even the *bodies* of good men shall at last, in a glorified state, be reunited to their souls, and made, as that of Adam originally was, immortal."

In his answer to the cavils of unbelievers, our author is particularly successful. He does not, indeed, enter into the greater and more leading ones, which chiefly affect the minds of thinking men; the seeming immoralities that are countenanced in the Old Testament; and the mysticism in the application of the prophecies, and the popular errors about diabolical possession, that are adopted by Christ and his Apostles. He confines himself, indeed, to those cavils which, it seems, he has heard urged in conversation; and so admirably does he handle these, that we are truly chagrined that he has not gone through the whole catalogue.

It has been objected to Christianity, that it delivers us precepts respecting the amiable and beneficial sentiments of friendship. In the following manner does Dr. Beattie demolish the objection: "To be without friends, when it is owing to no misconduct of ours, is a very great misfortune indeed; but no rational being ever thought of calling it a fault. All the *virtues* connected with friendship, all the *duties* that one friend owes another, are in Scripture enjoined by precept, and set in the most engaging light by example. Wherein, then, is Scripture deficient

with respect to friendship? In this only, that it contains no such precept as the following: 'And thou shalt make choice of a certain person, or of certain persons, because he is, or they are, agreeable to thee; and thou shalt love him, or them, more than others; and thou shalt, moreover, make him, or them, love thee in like manner.' Would not this be charming legislation? Would it not prove the lawgiver to be profoundly skilled in the nature of man, and of human affairs? Yet such, in the case before us, seems to have been the skill, and such the penetration, of the author of *Characteristicks*."

The argument against Christianity derived from the number and ability of the unbelievers, creates no greater difficulty to our Professor. We are to enquire what character ought to belong to a man who is capable of becoming a Christian. "For if it shall be found, that there are infidels who have not that character, and that infidels in general have it not, their unbelief is a proof of his wisdom and foreknowledge, and may consequently furnish an argument, not against his religion, but for it."

One of the qualifications demanded by Dr. Beattie is truly curious. The last thing requisite to the study of the New Testament, is a desire that it may be true. Does the Professor really think that a man is disqualified from judging of the evidence in support of any proposition by the mere circumstance, that he is unbiassed and impartial? The Professor himself, to measure him by a standard of absolute perfection, is to far a dishonest man, as he wishes Christianity to be true previous to examination. The manly adventurer after truth cares for nothing else, and is not to be taken in by the superficial and gaudy decorations of falsehood.

The following passage illustrates at once the logic of the author, and the candid and philosophical spirit with which he writes. "Can they be thought to have studied Christianity with humility and candour, who sneer at it like Shaftesbury; who laugh at it like Voltaire; or who treat it with contempt and insult, like the cool and insidious Hume, or the proud and presumptuous Bolingbroke? Had religion been suited to heads and hearts like these, to them I should have left the defence of it; for it would have been a very different thing indeed from what it is. Their rejection of it sup-
plies, if I mistake not, a pretty strong
argument

argument for its truth, as well as for its excellency."

Does it then follow, *previously to our establishing the truth of the doctrine*, that the man who laughs or sneers at it (however absurd it may be found) has not given it a fair examination?

We always thought, before Dr. Beattie, that morality had been an immutable thing; that it had been the same for one rank of beings as for another; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. But hear our Professor: "To atone voluntarily for the sin of others may be as possible to a superior being, and *in him* may be as consonant to *equity*, as among inferior beings for one man gratuitously to pay another's debt."

Such is the logic of the performance before us. Besides these defects, it is every where deformed with the lowest and most illiterate superstition. Is there a petty curate in some remote corner of the kingdom, that believes in the divinity of the ancient oracles? So does Dr. Beattie. "That they were the contrivance of priest-craft, has been said, and may in part be true. It has also been said, that demons had a concern in them; and this no considerate person will affirm to be impossible. Perhaps they may have been permitted by Providence to keep up in the minds of men a sense of the insufficiency of human reason, and to make them think, as Socrates did, that divine revelation was, at least, a desirable thing. This is certain, that Socrates had faith in them; that though some of their answers might easily be accounted for, others are rather extraordinary; that Providence did, for a time, permit them; and that, soon after the great revelation took place, they became universally silent. These facts deserve the attention of those who reject the gospel."

Does any superannuated old woman believe, that seven devils, in sober seriousness, came from Hell, and took possession of Mary Magdalen alone? So does Dr. Beattie. Nay, he adds to this belief, more probably than the old woman would do, and conceives, that such diabolical possessions exist in the present day. "By the instantaneous operation of the same *evil* word, they frequently saw human bodies set free from the tyranny of demons: for that God, in order to manifest the supremacy of his Son over the powers of darkness, as well as over the visible universe, might, at that time, and in that country, permit evil spirits to molest mankind more than usual, will not be affirmed to be ei-

ther impossible or improbable, by those who acknowledge the possibility of revelation."

He goes on, and talks in a style of equal penetration and discernment of the "fourth Eclogue of Virgil, which, it seems, is generally thought to have been composed from some fragments of ancient prophecy, probably of Isaiah, which had come, *we know not how*, into the hands of the great Roman poet."

Having said thus much of the reasoning and the sentiments of our author, we cannot entirely pass over his style and manner of composition; and the less so, as of late days every Scot assumes it as a matter of course, that his compositions are a model of the purity and perfection of the English tongue. The following expressions are egregiously ungrammatical.

"The transactions of Cæsar made no material alteration, except, perhaps, *to the worse*, in the manners or sentiments of mankind."

"The doctrines of Jesus produced a most important change *to the better* in human sentiments and manners."

"What was spoken to the first enemies of the gospel may with equal propriety be addressed to *them who* [such as] oppose it in these latter days."

"Let *them who* are acquainted with the history of our Saviour, &c."

"*Them who* expressed no curiosity and made no enquiry, he permitted to remain in ignorance."

The following is in reality a French idiom clothed in English words.

"And here let me ask, *in passing*, whether these two Apostles," &c.

Two instances we will select, truly curious in the line of grammatical inversion:

"It would extend this little book to a size which might discourage *from reading it those* for whom it is intended."

"This might have appeared strange, if the Apostles had ever pretended that their conduct was as blameless as their doctrine; but they modestly declared it was not. Does this invalidate their testimony? *Does it not, on the contrary, honour to their candour?*"

The following will not be pretended to be the most elegant touches of the elegant Dr. Beattie:

"See Bishop Burnet's Account of the Death of the Earl of Rochester." This is a singular sentence to introduce into the body of a rhetorical composition.

"Whereof I cannot in so small a tract as this," &c.

"Whereof it is the character to shrink from public view."

"And to Divine Power, supposed to be infinitely superior to ours, both are not only possible, but easy, and equally so."

The rhetoric of the Professor is not less conspicuous than his grammar, or the structure of his period.

"A principle very natural in itself, especially to a *warm-hearted*, affectionate man like Peter."

Does the reader desire a pithy and striking antithesis?

"He may consult Addison's *short, but elegant*, Treatise of the Christian Religion."

Does he ask for a solecism?

"By means of comets, it is probable, and by means of attraction it is possible, that our solar system may be connected with other solar systems."

The anticlimax, in the subsequent sentence, will probably be thought Dr. Beattie's master-piece:

"Is it too much to require of Christians, this humility, candour, and exemption from prejudice? It is no more than Newton requires of every one that would study philosophy: it is no more than—*every master requires of his apprentice*."

So much for Dr. Beattie's Evidences of the Christian Religion. It has long been the foible of the divines of our

Church to set too much value upon the productions of laymen in support of revelation. By this they would seem to insinuate, what otherwise no man would suspect, that revelation is commonly supported merely from considerations of interest. But it is to be hoped that this passion, this rage, will at length subside. What did the immortal Newton do when he turned his attention to the Christian Religion? He wrote his book on the Apocalypse, which no man ever reads, and which will remain a standing monument of the weakness incident to the noblest minds. What was the effect of this turn in the profound and sagacious Boyle; and what are become of his Meditations "*upon a broomslick*?" Addison's *short but elegant* Treatise may be considered as the reservoir of all the silly arguments that ever were urged in defence of the best of causes; arguments rejected *una voce* by a Leland, a Lardner, and a Jortin. Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations are fresh in every man's mind. At last, last we hope in every sense of the word, comes Dr. Beattie. His publication, indeed, properly closes the list, and is the sublimate of superstition, emptiness, and nonsense, poured into the receptacle prepared for it in the brain of a poet. When will our Porteus's and our Hurds be no longer to learn, that the defence of Christianity is not a mechanical art, and that the alliances they so eagerly court are the worst evils it can encounter.

The Antiquities of England and Wales. By Francis Grose, Esq. F. S. A. Vol. VI. Hooper.

WE are extremely glad to see this ingenious and accurate author still pursuing his interesting labours, for the instruction and entertainment of the public, with the same happy success.—And we are equally well pleased to find, that the esteem and approbation which he has so universally and so deservedly acquired, have not relaxed his assiduity and care, but rather seem to have animated his endeavours, and added fresh vigour to his laudable pursuits. In every new publication he rises in the esteem of his readers, and increases his pretensions to fame and applause, by enriching his work with additional articles, which never fail to illustrate or adorn the subject.

The volume now before us contains ample proofs of the truth of these assertions. To the lovers of the studies of Antiquity, this volume will afford a rich supply of curious and authentic information, relative to the origin and other inte-

resting particulars of the most remarkable Castles, Monasteries, and other curious ancient structures, still magnificent, still venerable, though sinking under the ravages of Time, to be found in the following counties of England, viz. in Warwick, Westmoreland, Wilts, Worcester, and York. Similar objects are likewise introduced from the islands of Guernsey and Jersey; and also from Lundy Isle and the Isle of Man. The most satisfactory account that could be obtained is given of the original founders, as well as of the various possessors through whose hands they have passed to the present time.

In the following extract from his account of Castle Rushin, the reader, perhaps, may trace the origin of the Fragment which is said to have furnished the hint, or plan, of the last new Fantomime, The Enchanted Castle.

"The

"The Manksmen, according to Waldron, had a strange tradition concerning this castle, which, as it will probably divert the reader, is here transcribed in his own words: 'Just at the entrance of the castle is a great stone chair for the governor, and two lesser for the Deemsters: here they try all causes, except ecclesiastical, which are entirely under the decision of the Bishop. When you are past this little court, you enter into a long winding passage between two high walls, not much unlike what is described of Rosamond's Labyrinth at Woodstock: in case of an attack, 10,000 men might be destroyed by a very few in attempting to enter. The extremity of it brings you to a room where the Keys sit. They are 24 in number; they call them the parliament; but, in my opinion, they more resemble our Juries in England, because the business of their meeting is to adjust differences between the common people, and they are locked in till they have given in their verdict. They may be said in this sense, indeed, to be supreme judges, because from them there is no appeal but to the Lord himself.

'A little further is an apartment which has never been opened in the memory of man: the persons belonging to the castle are very cautious in giving any reason for it; but the natives, who are excessively superstitious, assign this—That there is something of enchantment in it. They tell you, that the castle was at first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in possession of it till the days of Merlin, who, by the force of magic, dislodged the greatest part of them, and bound the rest in spells, which they believe will be indissoluble to the end of the world. For proof of this, they tell you a very odd story: They say there are a great number of fine apartments under ground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms; several men of more than ordinary courage have, in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw; it was therefore judged convenient that all the passages to it should be kept continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. But about some 50 or 55 years since, a person who had an uncommon boldness and resolution, never left soliciting permission of those who had power to grant it, to visit those dark abodes: in fine, he obtained his request, went down, and returned by the help of a clue of pack-thread, which he took with him, which no man before himself had ever done, and brought this amazing discovery, viz. That after having passed through a great number of

vaults, he came into a long narrow place; which, the further he penetrated, he perceived he went more and more on a descent; till having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a little gleam of light, which, though it seemed to come from a vast distance, yet was the most delightful sight he had ever beheld in his life. Having at length come to the end of that lane of darkness, he perceived a very large and magnificent house, illuminated with a great many candles, whence proceeded the light just now mentioned. Having, before he began this expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which a servant, at the third knock, having opened, asked him what he wanted? "I would go as far as I can," replied our adventurer; "be so kind, therefore, as to direct me how to accomplish my design, for I see no passage but that dark cavern through which I came." The servant told him, he must go through that house, and accordingly led him through a long entry, and out of the back door. He then walked a considerable way, and at last beheld another house, more magnificent than the first; and the windows being all open, discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. Here he designed also to knock, but he had the curiosity to step on a little bank, which commanded a low parlour, and looking in, he beheld a vast table, in the middle of the room, of black marble, and on it, extended at full length, a man, or rather monster, for by his account he could not be less than fourteen feet long, and ten or eleven round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, with his head on a book, and a sword by him of a size answerable to the hand which it is supposed made use of it. This sight was more terrifying to our traveller than all the dark and dreary mansions he had passed through in his arrival to it; he resolved therefore not to attempt entrance into a place inhabited by persons of that unequal stature, and made the best of his way back to the other house; where the same servant re-conducted and informed him, that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but never could have returned. On which he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed: but the other replied, that these things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and by the same dark passage got into the vaults, and soon after once more ascended to the light of the sun. Ridiculous as this narrative appears, whoever seems to disbelieve it, is looked on as a person of weak faith.'

"Having thus far embarked in the fabulous

ious history of this castle, I shall conclude with another story of the same sort, related by the same author, who seems as if he almost believed it.

'A mighty buffle they also make of an apparition, which, they say, haunts Castle Ruslin, in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it various times; but what I took most notice of was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a very great opinion. He told me, that happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle gate, where being not the least shelter, it something surprised him that any body, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch, or shed, of which there are several in Castle Town, than chuse to stand still exposed and alone to such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived she retreated on his approach; and at last, he thought, went into the castle, though the gates were shut: this obliging him to think he had seen a spirit, sent him home very much terrified; but the next day relating his adventure to some people who lived in the castle, and describing as near as he could the garb and stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the woman above-mentioned, who had been frequently seen by the soldiers on guard to pass in and out of the gates, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible means to enter.'

"Though so familiar to the eye, no person has yet, however, had the courage to speak to it; and as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being permitted to wander is unknown."

The plates of this volume, being ninety

A Prize in the present Lottery for Servants, Apprentices, &c. 12mo. 2d. Kearsley.
1787.

THIS small performance deserves to be mentioned, as one of those unostentatious and useful works, which sometimes men of superior talents have condescended to oblige the world with. No species of gratification is more prevalent or more destructive to the morals of the lower class of people, than the present rage

in number, are all executed in a masterly style.—The nineteen following views are entirely new, and of course did not appear in the quarto edition. In Warwickshire, Pl. 3 of Kenelworth Castle. In Wiltshire, Pl. 1, 2, and 3, of Malmesbury Abbey, and also the Market-Cross of the said place. In Yorkshire, Clifford's Tower, York; Knareborough Castle; Pontefract Church; and Gate to Portchester Castle, being the Frontispiece to this volume, with an engraved title-page and vignette, both elegantly executed. In the Island of Guernsey, the six following, Castle Cornet, 1 and 2; Marsh Castle; St. Sampson's Church; St. Michael, or the Vale Castle, and the Vale Church. In the Island of Jersey, these three: Elizabeth Castle; Gowray, or Mount Orgueil; and the Chapel of Notre Dame. In the Isle of Man, St. Trinion's Church.

It is unnecessary to say any thing with respect to the taste and accuracy displayed in these elegant views of ancient remains, the merits of the designer having been long known to the world. From the talents of Mr. Grose, from his long and uninterrupted attachment to the subject, from his knowledge and experience, and from his general acquaintance with all those who have in any degree contributed to cultivate and cherish these pleasing studies, we may safely venture to congratulate the public on their future satisfaction and entertainment from the pen and pencil of that ingenious and learned antiquary; who, from the pains he has taken to preserve those valuable remains of antiquity, may be properly addressed with the following passage from his own performance:

Who props the sinking pile, renews its sway,
Lives o'er the past, and joins the future day;
Thus from oblivion wrests the hoary name,
And on a nodding Ruin builds his fame.

for gambling, openly and daringly carried on, even in view of the Magistracy of London. To those who are capable of reason, the arguments of this piece may have a good effect; and to those who are not, the example given at the conclusion may operate beneficially, both to individuals and to society.

Poems on several Occasions. By Ann Yearley, a Milkwoman of Bristol. The Fourth Edition. 8vo. 5s. Robinsons.

IN our Magazine for August 1785, we noticed the first edition of these poems, and expressed our doubts concerning the probable event of the publication, in reference to the happiness of the writer. We there also gave an extract from one of the poems, together with Miss More's account of the author. Since that time the Patroness and Client appear to have changed their sentiments of each other; and the latter, in the present edition, has appealed to the public, in the following Narrative, which does no discredit to her literary talents; nor, candidly considered in all its circumstances, will, we believe, even if she should be thought wrong, impeach her moral character. With good intentions, as we trust, on both sides, something appears to have been wanting. There seems to have been too much hauteur and too little delicacy on the part of the Patroness, and perhaps too much jealousy and too little confidence on the part of the Client. To use the words of Miss Betty More to Mrs. Yearley—"there is a manner in speaking,"—and we may add, in acting, in which both the Ladies seem to have erred. But our readers will determine better by hearing Mrs. Yearley's account, which is as follows:

I AM said to have proved ungrateful to my patroness.—The charge I disclaim. Every return that powerless gratitude can make, I have offered; but have fatally experienced, that simple expression only was inadequate to Miss More's extensive and superior mind.—To exculpate myself from the monstrous charge of ingratitude falls to my lot. Most irksome the task! yet, with the most humble deference to the noble patronage I am honoured with, I will pursue it.

Highly meritorious would it have been in Miss H. More, not to have urged me to the task by injuring my character, after chaining me down by obligations. And, great as those obligations are, which that lady has *conditionally* laid on me, I would *gladly* resign every advantage resulting from them, for that untainted and happy obscurity I once possessed.

When the first edition of my book came out, and the balance was paid by the bookseller to Miss H. More, she ordered her attorney

to prepare a deed of trust, appointing Mrs. Montagu (for whom I will ever retain the highest veneration and respect) with herself, the trustees. It was sent to Bristol the day my books came here, with an order for it to be signed by my husband and me immediately, and returned to London the next morning.—I had no time to peruse it, nor take a copy; and, from the rapidity with which this circumstance was conducted, I feared to ask it. The eldest Miss More read the deed, who, in a conversation some time before, had told me, "that if her sister chose to say she had but two pence of mine, she might, for the *world* could not get it out of her hands."—My feelings were all struck at—I felt as a mother deemed unworthy the tuition or care of her family; and imagined my conduct and principles must of necessity be falsely represented to a generous public, in order to justify the present measure.—Even the interest was not allowed me, but on the capricious terms, that she should lay it out as she thought proper; without any condition in the deed whereby my children might have an undeniable claim in future. In short, every circumstance was calculated to depress a mind naturally despairing; and in despair I signed this incomplete and unsatisfactory deed; and I vainly imagined, by this submission, I had secured my character from the imputation of ingratitude, as I rejoined all, even the rights of a mother, at Miss H. More's request. When that lady came to Bristol, we had several interviews, in one of which her sister mentioned my owing a little money. Miss H. More said she was sorry I owed any money; adding, "If it is much I cannot pay it—Will you give me an account, to a shilling, what you owe?"—I told her, I believed it was about ten pounds. She said it should be paid. I was invited to sup with her a few nights after, and she then gave me the above sum; addressing me, after supper, in the following words: "Mrs. Yearley, now you know what you have to trust to. I can do no more, if any thing should happen; the money lodged in the Funds is three hundred and fifty pounds, which nobody but myself or Mrs. Montagu can ever call out. You have complained much of being in debt—we hear it from every quarter."—"Madam," said I, "I * complain of nothing, but for the want of

* From this time I became very obnoxious to Miss H. More, on account of a very trifling additional circumstance, the discovery of my buying what is called the hog-wash of her kitchen; and I am charged with the publication of it. I told her, when she charged me with it, that I could not see how it could offend her, at it was the perquisite of her cook, and had been paid for by the person who had it before I had the honour of knowing her.

"a declaration of the deed, for the future security of my children; therefore shall be much obliged to you for it, and a copy of the deed itself."—Miss H. More exclaimed, "Are you mad, Mrs. Yearley? or have you drank a glass too much? Who are your advisers? I am certain you have drank, or you would not talk to me in this manner."

I replied, "Madam, you are very wrong to think I have drank. I am only anxious on my children's account. Circumstances may change, ten or twenty years hence, when perhaps I am no more; and I only wish for a copy of the deed, as a little memorandum for my children; nor do I think the requisition unreasonable."

Miss Betty More said, "I don't think you unreasonable, Mrs. Yearley; but there is a manner of speaking."—I told her, "As to the manner of speaking, I fear I shall always err in that, as I have not been accustomed to your rules of polished life."

Miss H. More said, "I wonder you can suspect Mrs. Montagu, if you suspect me."—I answered, "Far be it from me to suspect either; nor do I think I have acted as if I was suspicious."

Miss H. More replied, "How would you have acted if you were?"—"Different from what I have, Madam," said I.—[My answer here alluded to my confidence in giving Miss More all the presents I had received from time to time, from those generous friends who visited me while I was writing my poems; often leaving myself without a shilling. My motive was, that no person's generosity might be concealed.]

Miss H. More then said, "Why it is your openness of heart, Mrs. Yearley, that has always charmed us."

I felt more emotion from this trifling commendation, than from all she had haughtily expressed; and finding I could not conceal it, hastily withdrew, only wishing the ladies a good night.

Three weeks elapsed before I again saw Miss H. More, though I went daily to the house for the dish-washings †.

Miss More, from that period, entirely altered her conduct to me. Though, after the most diligent enquiry, she had given me the most flattering character, in her letter to Mrs. Montagu, informing that lady, "That it has been denied this poor recluse to drink at

"the pure well-head of pagan poetry; yet, from the true fountain of divine inspiration, her mind has been wonderfully chearished and enriched; nor has the retailing a few fine maxims of virtue cheated her of the most exact probity of heart: industrious in no common degree, pious, unambitious, simple and unaffected in her manners, of which I have received incontestible proofs."

These, with many more perfections, are the ornaments with which this very consistent lady has thought fit to adorn the Milk-woman of Clifton! But, alas! how fallacious is eloquence! how inconstant capricious affection, when steady principle is not the basis!—From elaborate commendation, the elevated Stella descends to low scurrility, charging me with "drunkenness," "gambling," "extravagance," and terming me "wretched," "base," "ungrateful," "spendthrift," boasting, in the same letter, of her charity to a *departed mother*, whom, I solemnly declare, Miss More never saw, nor ever relieved. My mother quitted this life in March: the first time I saw Miss More was in September following, when she presented me with a guinea from the worthy Mrs. Montagu, which was afterwards charged to the subscription, and added to the money which Miss More allowed me while I was writing my poems.

The last and final interview between Miss More and me, took place in July, when three gentlemen were present, and all took a part in the conversation. I spoke but little, my spirits were depressed, but I carefully concealed my emotion.—Miss More appeared to be greatly moved, and told me imperiously, that I was "a savage"—that "my veracity agreed with my other virtues"—that I had "a reprobate mind, and was a bad woman."—I replied, "that her accusations could never make me a bad woman—that she descended in calling me a savage, nor would she have had the temerity to do it, had I not given myself that name!"

Miss More then gave me her account of the money she had advanced me since her friendship first commenced, which was twenty-eight pounds fourteen shillings, and offered me the dividend for the first half-year; which, with so much insult, I could not accept ‡; but told her calmly, that she had rendered obligation insupportable already, and I never

† I am greatly hurt in obliging my readers to descend to this poor circumstance; but the explanation will further elucidate Stella's friendly letter to a lady in London, wherein she says, "At the time this *wretch* is arraigning my conduct, she is fetching the wash every day from my house."—It was in the course of these three weeks her letter was wrote, and in this interval the servant offered me the money which I had paid for the year past, which I did not accept.

‡ Stella wrote to London, that I dashed the money in her face, and that I was otherwise very violent. I declare those charges to be totally without foundation: the money lay on the table, but was not touched by me.

would make it more oppressive ; but should be obliged to her if she would return my MS. copies.

Miss More replied, " They are left at the printer's, Mrs. Yearley—Don't think I shall make any use of them—They are burnt."—"Burnt!" said I!—She seemed confused—my heart felt for her;—those short pauses convinced me that she was hurt, and from that consideration I was silent; but am still concerned that she would not return those poems which are not published.—Miss More gave me a copy of the deed. I told her I desired no more, and took my leave.

Motives the most powerful and natural that can possess the female breast, urged me to require a copy of the deed; nor can I now, at this present period, repent the requisition, though it has been attended with so much calumny, and *so many false representations*.—My character, which in one moment appeared so bright, and in the next tinged with every vice that can disgrace the sex, excited many gentlemen and ladies to visit me. To these I simply rehearsed the real fact; and produced the copy of the deed. None could justify it:—but I am particularly indebted to Mr. Shiells, for his generous and disinterested friendship. On reading the copy, that worthy gentleman immediately wrote to Miss H. More; but received no answer. Instead of answering his letter, the ingenuous Stella wrote to a lady in London, desiring her letter might be read to Mr. Shiells.—It was; and contained all those false charges on my character which I have here mentioned.—Mr. S. immediately wrote to Miss More, desiring he might be allowed a copy of this scurrilous letter; but received no answer.—Three months elapsed before any thing more was done. Miss More was advised either to grant a new deed, or resign the trust; both which she peremptorily refused, declaring, that "no power upon earth should oblige her to give up the trust." But my friends becoming still more in earnest and determined, she at last resigned; but still continues to justify her conduct by defaming mine.—Deplorable extremity! when innate principle condemns the varnished tale.

Every cause of difference being now removed, my generous friend (Mr. S.) wrote to Miss More, through the channel of her bookseller, not knowing where to address her.—The contents of his impartial letter may not be displeasing to the mind that dares profess itself candid and unprejudiced.

"Mr. S—— presents his compliments to Mr. C——, and informs him, that by a letter he has lately received from a friend at Bristol, he is agreeably informed, that by the interposition and good offices of

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"the friends of Miss More and the Milk-woman, the difference which unfortunately took place some months ago, has been happily brought to a conclusion; Miss M—— having complied with the requisition of Mrs. Yearley, and both their friends. It is therefore to be hoped that Miss M—— will now herself, or permit some friend of both to draw up a short paragraph, to wipe away the ill-founded charges too hastily thrown upon that poor woman's character—he is persuaded, not from a badness of heart, but in the warmth of resentment for her hasty requisition of a copy of the deed of trust (all her friends thought she ought to have had a declaration of that deed instead of the copy). That business may now be happily terminated, by the insertion of a paragraph in the Public Advertiser, this being the proper period for that purpose, as the public opinion on the subject has been arrested for some months, as to the cause of such altercation between the "Patronefs and Client," which produced that invidious paragraph in the Public Advertiser, on the 8th of September last, which is strongly suspected to come from Miss H. M—— (she having been called upon to disavow it, without effect) and the consequent appearance of that of the 10th of the same month, in reply.—Here is now a fair opportunity of putting the whole matter upon a pleasant footing, if Miss M—— possesses the mind she is generally allowed to have; but if she should decline at least a public reconciliation, she can blame none but herself.—This application proceeds from no other motive than that of being instrumental in opening again that source of kindly intercourse between minds so congenial. If this hint be adopted, it must certainly create very pleasing emotions, as well in the breast of Miss M——, as in every one of those who are held in suspense till it happens; but must have a contrary effect if it is neglected. By complying with this advice, the interest and happiness of this poor woman, whom she has brought into public view, may still receive the advantage of her future patronage, and her own character be preserved from the strong suspicion of jealousy, pique, or interested views."

"Lambeth, January 6th, 1786."

But to proceed to the narrative—Instead of benefiting from the friendly advice given by the above note, she still remained inexorable; and returned her answer in the following lines to her bookseller:

"Miss More's compliments to Mr. C——; will be obliged to him to let Mr. Shiells know

N

know

"know, that, as nothing has happened to alter her opinion of the Milk-woman, there never can be any more communication between them: and she thinks she has a right to desire, that no use may be made of her name in any news-paper or publication whatever; at least it never will be with her consent."

"Hampton, January 12th, 1786."

This very generous and ultimate note was conveyed to my friend by the bookseller:—who has paid to me the cash in his hands, after deducting all expences, with his declaration, that "he will not engage any farther with me."—And being by him informed, that my poems are out of print, I have presumed to publish this fourth edition, with a faithful state of facts as they successively arose.

Shielded by popular opinion, the ungenerous Stella aims at a defenceless breast—her arrows are of the most malignant kind—yet her endeavours to crush an insignificant wretch need not be so amazingly strenuous; for I should have sunk into obscurity again, had not my reputation been so cruelly wounded.—I have to lament, that it does not require one short hour for this expeditious lady to make her wonderful transit from the zenith of praise to the centre of malicious detrac-

tion.—For all the perfection, fame, or virtues she can boast of possessing, I would not be so much a Proteus!

It having been represented that my last work received great ornament and addition from a learned and superior genius, and my manuscripts not existing to contradict it, I have ventured, without a guide, on a second volume of poems, and will complete them with as much expedition as the more important duties of my family will permit.

Here let me close this true but unpleasant narrative, with the humble hope of your forgiveness, for obtruding on your attention so insignificant a tale: but, as character is more precious than life itself, the protection of that alone compelled me to the task.—And, in order to wipe away the suggestion of having been aided by other assistance, I will lose as little time as possible in laying before you and the public the promised work, and rest in full confidence of your future protection and support.

I am,

With the utmost respect and gratitude,

Your devoted and faithful servant,

ANN YEARSLEY.

Clifton Hill, October 12th, 1786.

An Exeursion to Margate in the Month of June, 1786; interspersed with a Variety of Anecdotes. By Hardwicke Lewis, Esq. 12mo. 2s. 6d. French.

MR. Keate, in his *Sketches from Nature*, has introduced a very excellent imitation of the manner of the Sentimental Journey. His Tour to Margate is faulty only as it attempts to be like his predecessor. Had he relied more upon himself, his work would in proportion have been more pleasing, as it would have been more original. This present writer is a feeble imitator of Sterne, and his performance is reprehensible as well for its moral as for its execution. His heroine, an intended suicide, we are told, is not an imaginary character.—The story of Maria is not the mere flight of imagination, but embellished truth. Whether real or fictitious, it is certainly very uninteresting. She seems to have no claim to praise, nor much to compassion; but the Sorrows of Werter were probably

rolling in the author's mind; and he is not the only person who has been misled by that popular and mischievous novel.

It is always pleasing when we can detach a specimen of a writer's manner to shew his abilities. Of our author's poetical taste, take the following:—"Before we ordered the carriage, I presented her with a few lines, said to have been written by Gray on the spot*: if they were so, it will afford some idea of his being a sort of poet; for they have sense and meaning, as well as jingle.—His other works are too sublime for human comprehension, and are vastly like Swift's † song by a person of quality, which seems to mean prodigious things, but is arrant nonsense.—Let me except a few prettifications in the favourite Elegy."—Reader, are you satisfied?

A Hermit's Tale, recorded by his own Hand, and found in his Cell. 4to. 2s. Cadell.

THIS Tale, as appears by the Dedication to Mr. Sheridan, is the production of Miss Sophia Lee, a Lady to whom

the public have already been obliged for several ingenious performances. The success of Dr. Goldsmith, Bishop Percy,

* Lord Holland's house at Kinggate.

† Mr. L. should have written, Pope's. and

and one or two others, has occasioned an inundation of Tales and Legendary Ballads, in which Hermits, and Crusades, and Chivalry, have been so very plentifully interspersed, that we conceive it would shew more genius in a writer of character to chuse some other subject for the exercise of her muse, than one so hackneyed, at least unless it could be treated in a new or a more excellent manner. The present poem would be read with more satisfaction, could we forget former adventurers in this species of poetry. It opens thus :

From prime of youth to hoary age
In this lone cell I've dwelt ;
Here fought, by tracing Nature's page,
To sooth the pangs I felt.
The moss-wove oaks that near my cave
In fullen grandeur stand,
And o'er its broken summit wave,
Were acorns in my hand.
These time-shook tow'rs, which all forsake,
Erect and gay I've seen ;
And half of yon translucent lake,
A flow'r-enamell'd green.
When shall my penitence and pray'rs
Obtain the boon I crave ?
When shall my thorny bed of cares
Become my peaceful grave ?
Oh worshipp'd reliques ! holy book !
Detain my mental eye ;
Nor let it ever backward look,
To trace sad memory.
Oh thou ! memorial crosses of God,
My whole attention seize !
And bow my heart upon the sod,
Worn daily by my knees.
Alas ! not piety can heal
The soul convuls'd with guilt ;
Nor all her fountains cleanse the steel
Which human blood has spilt.
Ah let me ease it, then, and speak
The long, long treasure'd tale ;
What bitter griefs first bade me seek
The silence of this vale.
Near Chiviot hills I drew the air,
On Aran's pleasant plain ;
My mother was of presence fair,
Her fire an aged swain.
To tend the flocks was my employ,
Nor ever heav'd my breast,
When my fond mother blest her boy
At rising and at rest.
Yet oft with tears and smiles she strove ;
And as I bent my knee,
She'd cry, " Be juster to thy love,
Than mine has been to me."

We are next informed that the wars of Palestine, under Cœur de Leon, excited the young hero's spirit :

When lo ! the neighbouring Scots, a band
Rough as their native rocks,
Rush'd like a whirlwind o'er the land,
And swept away our flocks.

He then determined, in spite of the tears of his mother, to pursue the ravagers, whom he overtook and conquered ; but returning home he found another band had, during his absence, destroyed the hamlet. Repentment for the death of his mother now prompted him to vengeance, and soon, from a simple shepherd's boy, he became renowned in arms.

Between both lands strong tow'rs I rear,
With captive ensigns bright :
One nation gaz'd on them with fear ;
The other with delight.
Around I station'd many a band,
Who dubious stragglers sought ;
And ah ! one day, by Love's command,
A matchless beauty brought.
Her mien majestic seem'd to speak
Th' unfulfill'd soul within ;
No rose like that on her pure cheek
Blooms o'er the face of sin.
Oh ! not in grace the mountain pine
With her slight form could vye ;
The blue that paints the arch divine,
Was faint to her bright eye.
Like a rich group of yellow sheaves,
In ringlets wild her hair
Play'd on her breast—so Autumn-leaves
Hang on the lily fair.

The Lady then tells her story, by which it appears, that her name was Ethelinda, daughter of Lord Ethel ; that she had been sent to Scotland with her mother, who died there, to close the eyes of her grandfire. She claims the protection of Edmund, who hastens to deliver her to her father. In the journey he wins her affections :

Ah doubt not, Edmund—she would say,
Thy worth must all engage ;
Nor dare I scorn a father's sway,
Nor dare I grieve his age.
His silver'd head, as lilies bow,
Declining now appears ;
Alike his frame doth tremble now,
With tenderness and years.
And sure a fearful joy she knows,
Who unpermitted loves ;
While doubly hallow'd are the vows
A parent's voice approves.

The satisfaction expressed at the meeting between the parent and his daughter, are pathetically described ; but at the same instant the lovers hopes are destroyed by Lord Ethel's pointing to her destined

husband. A contention between Edmund and his rival then succeeds; during which the Lady is carried away by her father. Edmund is overpowered by numbers.

The bridal feast approach'd, the vests
To many a fair were shewn,
Full was the Baron's hall of guests,
Myself forbid alone.
All hope now lost, I wild arose,
And soon within the bound
Where piety adores the cross,
My feet unconscious found.
Impell'd by destiny I pass,
When struck the vesper bell,
A dreary eye around I cast,
And own'd it as my knell.
When lo! approaching fast, the tread
Of warlike steps I heard,
I turn'd, and as by Justice led,
My rival there appear'd.

A conflict ensues, in which Edmund is victor, having mortally wounded his adversary, who dying proves to be his father. The Monks approach:

With consecrated lights they star
The bosom of the earth,
And lift with hallowed zeal afar
The blessing of our birth.
Before the cross the dying Lord,
With penitential awe,
In silence first his God ador'd,
And mourn'd his broken law.

He expresses his contrition for the wrongs done to Edmund's mother, acknowledges him for his son, and dies. Incumbered with his father's armour, Edmund proceeds to Ethel's mansion, to which, in this disguise, he gains admittance, and passing through several rooms, he at last finds his mistress.

Careless she view'd those arms so fam'd,
Nor once remov'd her eyes;
"Refts Ethelinda, I exclaim'd,
"While ruin'd Edmund dies?
"Or tir'd with having thus withstood,
"Resolves she on a crime?
"But Hymen's torch is quench'd in blood,
"And yielded up to time.
"By miracle since thou art come,
She faulter'd out, "t'attest
"With heav'n my melancholy doom,
"I trust to that the rest.
"Unjust and cruel—if you knew—
"What, doubt my passion yet?
"Edmund, this heart, for ever true,
"Could break, but not forget.
"Each blush which deepen'd on my cheek,
"Declar'd my love's excess;

"O learn to think that passion weak,
"Which language can express:
"And when the last fond crimson flies
"With my expiring breath,
"Then, then allow the sacrifice,
"And own my love—in death.
"Alas! ev'n now that hour is come—
"For think not I would be,
"While herbs afford a mortal bloom,
"A bride, and not to thee.

The Lady then dies, and the lover flies to solitude; with the following description of which the poem concludes:

Of every human hope forlorn,
All desolate I ran,
Wild as these woods, in them to mourn
The miseries of man,
Oft on the hill the hunters hear
The sadly vocal gale,
And turn aside with holy fear,
Nor dare the corpse assail.
Ev'n the wild deer with look profound
My sorrows seem to share,
And ev'ry groaning tree around
But echoes my despair—
'Till sometimes, Thought's aerial brood,
A war and num'rous train,
Fantastic sons of solitude,
Catch life from my wild brain—
Full threefold times the frosts have bound
All streams but from these eyes,
Since here my care-worn limbs first found
A refuge from the skies.
Years upon years thus slowly roll,
Nor comfort bring to me,
Since ev'n in sleep my active soul
Lives o'er her misery.
Dim are my days, and near the hour
When death at length is mine;
Which only can my bliss restore,
Or bid me ne'er repine.
Ye generous poor, who send me bread,
When on my rushy couch
Your little offspring find me dead,
With pious hearts approach—
Hide me in earth, and consecrate
With tears the simple tale,
So may you ever 'scape the fate
Of Edmund of the Vale.

We have had frequent occasion to prove our modern writers for the introduction of instances of suicide without the censure which ought to attend them. The present writer is culpable on that head; but as Dryden has remarked of dramatic writers, by suicide a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive.

Savary's Letters on Egypt, &c. (Continued from Page 33.)

ON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN CITIES OF EGYPT.

IN speaking of the ancient and modern cities of Egypt, we shall not follow that order in which they are mentioned by Mr. Savary; but shall use such arrangement as best suits the purposes of illustration in a review of the subject. Some way above the Delta, or above the place where the Nile divides, is a village called Gisa, on the banks of the river, and three leagues north of the three great Pyramids. In this village some have imagined the ancient Memphis stood. We shall have occasion to mention it again more than once. Further up the river, and very near the three great Pyramids, and on the north side of them, is a village called Bousir, anciently Busris. Pliny, as quoted by Mr. Savary, says, "The three great Pyramids are situated on a barren and stony hill, between Memphis and the Delta, one league from the Nile, two from Memphis, and near the village of Busris." Hence it is clear, that the Pyramids were north of Memphis, otherwise they could not stand between it and the Delta, or division of the Nile; and that Memphis stood two leagues further south than the Pyramids. Gisa therefore could not be the situation of ancient Memphis, since it is three leagues to the north of the Pyramids. There is a small town two leagues to the southward of these Pyramids, called *Menph* or *Menf*. This small town, which exactly answers the description of Pliny, Mr. Savary considers as the real spot on which stood the ancient Memphis. The remains of ancient lakes round *Menph* are mentioned as an additional proof, since all antiquity have spoken of the lakes near Memphis; but nothing of the kind appears in the village of Gisa.

Mr. Savary, in his seventh letter, was obliged to record the following circumstance (though he does it somewhat awkwardly); and we take notice of it here, in order to illustrate the subject before us. His words are: "The Arabs pretend that Misram, the son of Cham, settled in Egypt. They call that country, therefore, *Masr*, and give the same name to the town which becomes the capital." That is to say, They still agree with Moses, who never calls the country by any other name than Misram. So it is, and Mr. Savary cannot help it. However, this circumstance gives weight to our author's

quotation from Abulfeda, an Arabian Historian, who wrote a Geographical Description of Egypt, and thus expresses himself: "*Menf* is the ancient *Masr* of Egypt. It is situated on the western bank of the Nile. Amrou, son of El Aas, having taken it by storm, raised it to the ground, and went to build the town of *Fostat* by order of Omar, son of Kettab, on the opposite side. At *Menf* are remarkable ruins, the remains of its ancient splendour, and which are suffered to fall into decay: one sees there stones, the sculpture and painting of which excite admiration; the sun and the injuries of time not hitherto having been able to efface the colours. *Menf* is distant a short day's journey from Grand Cairo." This is decisive as to the situation of ancient Memphis. But the following extravagant assertions have no foundation whatever in ancient history. "After a King of Egypt had turned the course of the Nile, which lost itself in the sands of Lybia, and that the Delta was formed out of the mud deposited by its waters, canals were cut to drain the Lower Egypt. The Monarchs, who till then had fixed their residence at Thebes, were desirous of coming nearer the mouth of the river, to enjoy a more temperate air, and to be more ready to defend the entrance of their Empire. They founded the city of Memphis, and strove to make it a rival worthy of the ancient Capital." So that the two capital cities of Egypt are here stated to be, first Thebes, and then Memphis. But Thebes was never known to be the capital of Egypt at any time: and it is expressly asserted, in Herodotus, that Memphis was built by the first King of the Egyptians. Zoan was the capital of Egypt in the time of Moses, and is represented by the Prophet Isaiah as the capital of Egypt in his days, that is, in the reign of Sabacon, the Ethiopian. The Prophet Ezekiel, near an hundred and thirty years after, as expressly represents *Noph* or *Memphis* to be the capital of Egypt, that is, in the reign of Apries: so that Memphis first became the capital only in the space of time between the reigns of Sabacon and Apries. And the particular reign under which this happened may be easily determined. After the death of Sethon, Egypt had twelve Kings, who governed it

by a mutual confederacy among themselves : but a dispute arising, Psammeticus, one of the twelve, subdued and dethroned the rest, and put himself into the possession of all Egypt. After he had established himself in his government, he laid out great sums in adorning the city of Memphis. From this time it seems to have become the capital of all Egypt, as a place of the greatest strength, and best situated for the interior defence of the kingdom. Memphis indeed, many ages before this, had been a royal city, but not the capital of Egypt. Apries, besides Memphis, had a royal palace at Sais ; and he had also another at Daphne, or Tahpanes, as we are assured by Jeremiah, while himself wrote upon the spot. These men, who were natives of a country in the neighbourhood of Egypt, and their own nation at the time in alliance with the Egyptians, could certainly tell us which were the capital cities in Egypt, *during their days*, as well as Mr. Savary can now inform us what was the state of Egypt three thousand years *before* his own time ; and their information is surely worthy of as much credit at least on this subject. We beg leave just to add, *Menf, Menph, Noph, and Mueph*, whence Memphis, are only different variations of the same radical term, which signifies to scatter or disperse waters. Memphis was the place of the first division or dispersion of the waters over all the Delta. After the building of Alexandria, Memphis began to decline : yet, under Augustus, it held the rank of the second city of Egypt. About the year 640 of the Christian *Æra*, Amrou, son of El Aas, took it by storm, and raised it to the ground.

Immediately after the destruction of Memphis, “ Amrou built *Masr Fostat*, on the spot where he had formed his camp, previous to his going to besiege Alexandria. He left his tent standing, because a pigen had laid her young there. On his return from his conquests, he laid here the foundation of a town, to which he gave the name of *Fostat*, which signifies *Tent* in Arabic. The Governors sent by the Caliphs made it their place of residence. It took the surname of *Masr*, which Memphis had borne before, and which the Arabs always bestow on the capital of Egypt.” This is the account of two different Arabian Historians quoted by our author. Here Mr. Savary, with great pomp, takes notice of the contrary opinions advanced by learned men on this subject.

About the year 980 of the Christian

Æra, “ Jauhar, General of Moaz, sprung from the Princes of the Kirouan, came into Egypt at the head of a formidable army, and took it from the Abasfides. The conqueror being in want of a place to establish his soldiers, laid the foundation of *Elkahera*, Grand Cairo, built a palace there to lodge the Emperor, and made the great men and the soldiers inhabit the new town. Four years after, Moaz quitted his dominions in Barbary, and came to enjoy his conquest. That year the building of Grand Cairo was finished, and the Empire of the Fatimites established. Moaz, in an injunction he gives his son, makes use of these words : The instant of the foundation of their town was marked by the ascension of Mars,—of that Mars who subdues the universe. It is on account of this horoscope, that I have given it the name of *Elkahera*—The Victorious.” To this account, from an Arabian Historian, Mr. Savary adds others of the same nation ; because, says he, the foundation of Grand Cairo has been the subject of error and dispute amongst the learned and amongst travellers. From the same authorities our author draws also the following information. “ The French, under King Lusignan, extended their conquests in Syria, and carried their victorious arms even into Egypt. In the year 564 of the Hegira, (that is, about the year 1186 of the Christian *Æra*) they took Belbeis by storm. Schaouar, King of Egypt, fearing lest Fostat should fall into their hands, set fire to it ; the flames spread rapidly, and the town burnt for four and fifty days. Grand Cairo profited by the disaster : the wretched inhabitants abandoned their heaps of ashes, to take refuge in the new town. It was then that Grand Cairo, having become the residence of the Grandees, and the Kings of the Country, received the pompous epithet of *Masr* ; and Fostat took that of *Elatick*, which signifies *The Ancient*, and which it bears at this day. In about eight years afterwards, were built the walls that now surround Grand Cairo, and the Castle situated on Mount Mokattam. This new town is not, like Fostat, situated on the Nile, but a little to the east of the river. Fostat, therefore, is more favourable for commerce.” To this town Europeans have given the name of Old Cairo, to distinguish it from Grand Cairo ; but, says Mr. Savary, “ The Oriental Historians never gave Fostat the name of *Cahera*. They first call it *Fostat*, then *Fostat Masr*,

Masr, and since its decline, *Masr El-ajick*. It was the Venetian Merchants who called it *Old Cairo*, and travellers have repeated this improper denomination. Through the whole of this Mr. Savary evidently considers himself as giving information entirely new to his European readers. How far he really does so, we shall not here take upon us to determine : but we hope to be forgiven the following short quotations from Doctor Wells's *Historical Geography of the Old Testament*, written above seventy years ago. " *Thevenot*, says the Doctor, observes, that not far from the Mummies, towards the Nile, are some remains of a large town, which was Memphis ; the inhabitants whereof were buried where the Mummies are ; and that *Pliny* also clearly proves this, where he says, that the Pyramids are between the *Delta* of Egypt and the city of *Memphis*, on the side of Africa. *Thevenot* elsewhere observes, that the ancients chose a very good situation for Memphis on the west side of the river ; and that *Old Cairo* (Fostat) has since been built also upon the river opposite to *Memphis*. But *New* or *Grand Cairo* stands ill, being seated at the foot of an hill, which the Castle stands on ; so that the hill covers it, and keeps off all the wind and air, which causes such a stifling heat as begets many diseases ;—besides its inconvenience for trade."—

Here follow the Doctor's own remarks : " If we consider what has been observed occasionally in this chapter concerning the three cities, *Memphis*, *Old Cairo* (or Fostat), and *New* or *Grand Cairo*, it appears to be not questionable but that *Old Cairo* arose out of the ruins, or upon the decay of *Memphis*, being placed on the east side of the Nile, opposite to the spot where Memphis stood on the west side ; and that upon the decay of *Old Cairo* arose *New Cairo*, about a quarter of a league from the former : and hence *New Cairo* is called by the Arabians *Masr*, and by the Turks *Misr*, or *Misir*." The Doctor, after rejecting the etymology of *Elkahera*, which makes it the name of the planet Mars, called *El Caher* in Arabic, gives a better and more probable account of the name *Cairo* than what is done by Mr. Savary.

The foundation, commerce, riches, and magnificence of Alexandria are well known in History. Soon after the destruction of *Memphis*, it fell into the hands of the same conqueror, Amrou the son of El Aas. By him was the famous library destroyed, which contained more

than four hundred thousand manuscripts. He demanded the Caliph's orders. " Burn these books, replied the furious Omar : if they contain only what is in the Coran, they are useless : if they contain any thing else, they are dangerous." A truly barbarous sentence ! as Mr. Savary justly observes. The reader cannot help being interested in our author's account of this place. To the east of Alexandria is Aboukir, where stood the ancient Canopus, which once gave its name to a mouth of the Nile. We pass by Mr. Savary's puerile account of the origin of this name. Further on to the east stands Rosetta, near to the ruins of the ancient Bolbitina, which also gave its name formerly to another mouth of the Nile. Here flows along into the sea one of the only two capital branches of this famous river that yet remain in the Delta. Further still to the east, was the Sebennitic mouth near Cape Burlos, which may be considered as almost in the middle of the base of the present Delta. On what may now be called the eastern branch of the Nile stands Damietta. Mr. Savary's account of this place will afford the reader both much information and pleasure. The ancient Damietta, called *Thamiat* by the Greeks, was utterly destroyed about the thirteenth century. From this part of the Delta to Farama, near the ancient Pelusium, extends the Lake of Menzale, where once stood very famous cities, and, among others, the *Zaan* of the Holy Scriptures, which, we have reason to believe, was the first of any built in Egypt. Our author ought to have accounted for this extensive Lake, which covers so vast a quantity of ground, once highly cultivated, and so near to the sea : and he ought to have reconciled the existence both of this and the Lake Bourlos, with his favourite hypothesis, which supposes the continual rise of the Delta for so many thousand years, and its very great acquisitions from the sea. Between Damietta and Farama were formerly the Mendesian and Tanitic mouths of the Nile : but now this large territory is covered with deep waters ; so that the banks of that great stream, where the ancient Pharaohs used to walk, are no longer to be found. The place where the ancient Pelusium stood, is to be seen near the eastern extremity of the Lake Menzale. Here once was the mouth of the largest branch of the Nile, which is at present entirely choaked up. The curious reader will by no means regret the time which he may spend with Mr. Savary in the neighbourhood

bourhood of Farama. We cannot even mention the places within the Delta that are worthy of particular notice. Our readers would not find themselves tired, were they to visit them with Mr. Savary, even though they should happen now and then to be misled. We could wish our readers not to forsake this entertaining companion, till with him they have reviewed the many wonders of renowned Thebes: and yet we advise them to be on their guard; for some men will very often please, when they ought not to be credited. We cannot better close this article, than with our author's reflections on the top of mount Colzoum, in the desert adjoining to the Red Sea. "Seated on the summit of Colzoum, the Red Sea is at one's feet; one discovers at a distance that extremity towards which the chief of the Israelites is said to have passed with all his people between the suspended waves; and to the south-east, the famous hills of Oreb and of Sinai, where he received the tables of the law. The sight of these places leads to serious meditations. One contemplates around one's-self the countries whence have originated the great religions which alternately have reigned upon the earth. That of the Egyptians subsists no longer.—The Jewish religion is not extinct, in spite of the disgraces of that reprobated people. The Christian and the Mahometan subsist from one end of the universe to the other. How fertile in wonders have been the countries, the mountains, the sea, I am contemplating from this elevation! The history of nations is filled with them, and the barbarous inhabitants of these countries still preserve their memory."

On their Public Works, and the Remains of Art.

"Let us not be surprised," says our author, "that the Egyptians erected the greatest monuments in the universe: they were enlightened, they inhabited the most beautiful climate in the world, and an earth which only demanded of man to deposit seeds within its bosom.—But what *might* not a people, friends to the arts and sciences, undertake in that country? What treasures might they not draw from agriculture and commerce? What knowledge, buried under the veil of hieroglyphicks, might they not restore to sciences and to history? Pardon a traveller these reflections and these wishes, who has before his eyes the misfortune and the riches of so fine a country." Mr. Savary's benevolence, and love of

the sciences and attention to the arts, both in this and other instances, do him the greatest honour. The following specimens are here selected, as a few out of the many decisive proofs which we have before us, of a virtuous industry, and of his curious researches into the monuments of art. We shall omit his account of the great Pyramid, not as dissatisfied with any thing Mr. Savary has advanced concerning that vast structure, but for this reason; because a just and proper description of *one single object* cannot well be abridged, without hiding so much of the object itself from our view: and besides, descriptions of this wonderful building are frequently to be met with.

Speaking of Alexandria, our author says: "Still, however, every sign of the ancient magnificence of this city is not effaced. The reservoirs vaulted with much art, and which extend under the whole town, are almost entire at the end of two thousand years. Towards the eastern part of the palace are two obelisks, vulgarly called Cleopatra's needles. They are of Thebaic stone, and covered with hieroglyphicks: one is overturned, broken, and lying under the sand; the other is on its pedestal. These two obelisks, each of them of a single stone, are about sixty feet high, by seven feet square at the base. What most engages the attention of travellers, is the pillar of red granite, situated at a quarter of a league from the southern gate. The capital is Corinthian, with palm leaves, and not indented. It is nine feet high. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, of ninety feet long, and nine in diameter. The base is a square of about fifteen feet on each side. This block of marble, sixty feet in circumference, rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead, which however has not prevented the Arabs from forcing out several of them, to search for an imaginary treasure. The whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high.—It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument; seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, it produces an astonishment mixed with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, nor the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal. I am persuaded, that if this column were transported before the palaces of our kings, all Europe would come to pay its tribute

of admiration to the most beautiful monument on the face of the globe."

"Within the church of St. Sergius, at Fostat, is a grotto, held in great veneration by the Christians. They pretend that the Holy Family, flying from the persecution of Herod, took refuge in this place. I saw the history of that flight painted on the gate of a niche where mass is said. The oriental dress is perfectly observed in this picture, and the head of the Virgin is tolerably well painted. The truth of the *costume*, too much neglected by modern painters, often destroys the effect of their most beautiful compositions."

Mr. Savary, speaking of Heliopolis, says: "Of the four obelisks built by Sothis in that town, two were removed to Rome, another has been destroyed by the Arabs, and the last of them is still standing on its pedestal. It is composed of a block of Thebaic stone, perfectly well polished, and is sixty-eight feet high, without reckoning its base, and about six feet and a half wide on each aspect. They are covered with hieroglyphics. This obelisk is in good preservation, except on the south side, where the granite is scaled off, up to a certain elevation. This beautiful monument, and a sphinx of a yellowish marble, overset in the mud, are the only remains of Heliopolis." Mr. Savary, in taking notice of the Pyramids that are seen along the mountains which bound Saccara on the west, observes, that it was not vanity which induced the Pharaohs to build those magnificent tombs, and quotes Herodotus for the two following opinions: "Their religion taught them, that as long as their bodies could be kept free from corruption, their souls would not quit them, and that at the expiration of three thousand years, they would animate them again. This dogma made them erect these buildings, which the genius of the most able architects strove to render inaccessible. They gave them the pyramidal form, as being the most durable. This form was connected likewise with their worship, and formed an act of homage to the sun, whose rays it imitated. Pliny says, that the obelisks were consecrated to the sun: that they represented his rays, which is indicated by their Egyptian name. In fact, these monuments, as well as the pyramids, were called in Egyptian *pyramne*, rays of the sun. The Greeks gave the name of obelisks to the former, and left that of pyramids to the others, which comes from *pyr*, fire, and in which they have preserved the ancient etymology. The obelisks were consecrated to the sun, because they served as dials to mark the hours."

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"More than a league to the southward of the great bed of *Bahr Jouseph*," says our author, "we cross the ruins of an ancient town, from the remains of which the burgh of *Babam* has enriched itself. At some distance beyond it, our attention is fixed by a curious monument. It is a rock smoothed with the point of the chisel, in the depth of which a grotto of fifty feet diameter, and six deep, is hewn. The bottom represents a sacrifice offered to the sun. This luminary is there sculptured in *demi-relievo*. On the right two priests decorated with pointed caps, lift up their arms towards him, and touch with their fingers the extremity of his rays: behind them, two children with their heads dressed in the same manner, hold in their hands full cups destined for the libations. Three piles, supported by seven vases with their handles, and placed below the sun, bear on their summits slaughtered lambs. On the left we discover two young girls, attached only to the stone by the feet and back: the Arabs have knocked off their heads, and disfigured them with their lances. Various hieroglyphics compose undoubtedly the history of this sacrifice, which I imagine was an offering to Jupiter Ammon; a symbolical divinity, by which the ancient Egyptians denoted the sun entering the sign of the Ram.—This monument, hewn out of a hard stone, must pass to the latest posterity."

"The village of Achmounain, says Mr. Savary, four miles to the north of Me-laoui, is remarkable for the ruins it contains. Amongst the heaps of rubbish it is surrounded with, one admires a superb portico, that has suffered nothing from time. It is one hundred feet long, twenty-five wide, and is supported by twelve columns, which have only a plain fascia by way of capital. Each column is composed of three blocks of granite, forming in all sixty feet in height, by twenty-five in circumference. The block, which rests upon the base, is simply rounded, and loaded with hieroglyphics, which commence with a pyramid. The two others are fluted. The columns are ten feet distant from each other, except the two middle ones, which, serving for the entrance, leave between them an interval of fifteen feet. Ten enormous stones cover the whole extent of the portico. Over them is a double row. The two middle ones, which rise in the form of a pediment, surpass the others in height and thickness. One is struck with astonishment at the sight of these masses of rocks, that the art of man has been able to elevate

to the height of sixty feet. The frieze which goes round it is covered with hieroglyphics very well carved. We see the figures of birds, of insects, of men seated, to whom others seem to make offerings, and different sorts of animals. This is probably the history of the time, the place, and the deity, in whose honour this monument was raised. The portico was painted red and blue. The colours are effaced in many places; but the lower part of the architrave, which surrounds the colonnade, has preserved a gold colour astonishingly lively. It is the same with the ceiling, where the stars of gold shine upon an azure sky with a dazzling brilliancy. This monument, constructed before the conquest of the Persians, has neither the elegance nor the purity of the Grecian architecture; but its solidity, which it seems impossible to destroy, its awful simplicity, and its majesty, command admiration. What ideas must we entertain of the temple or the palace, of which this announced the entry?" There is something in our author's remark respecting the architecture of this monument, which we do not fully comprehend. He says, "being constructed before the Persian conquest, it has neither," &c. He cannot mean that the Persians brought with them into Egypt the Grecian architecture. Are we then to understand that the Persian and Grecian architecture resembled each other in elegance and purity? Or did he mean to intimate that the Grecian architecture was not seen in Egypt before the Persian invasion? Whichever of these we understand, the remark is undoubtedly of great importance in the history of the origin and progress of this art. In another place Mr. Savary says, "In none of the monuments remaining to us of ancient Egypt, do we see an arch or column of any of the Grecian Orders, but stones of an astonishing size covered with hieroglyphics." This is not very favourable to that idea which supposes that the Greeks originally learnt architecture from the Egyptians. Speaking of the monuments found among the very splendid ruins of Antinoë, Mr. Savary says, "We admire in them that taste, that elegance, the Romans learnt from the Greeks; but we do not behold that majesty, that solidity, that marvellous grandeur which the people of Egypt knew how to stamp on their monuments, and which other nations have never been able to attain. The remains of Antinoë, in spite of their magnificence, are very trifling in comparison with the portico of Achmounain, though it be fifteen hundred years older."

Through various cities and towns our author conducts us up to the remains of ancient *Chemmis*, or *Panopolis*. "Here," says he, "nothing remains of it but some stones, so large that the Turks have not been able to move them. They are covered with hieroglyphics, and one of them of an extraordinary sculpture. There are traced on it four concentric circles, in a square. The innermost of these contains a sun. Two succeeding ones, divided into twelve parts, contain, one twelve birds, the other twelve animals, almost effaced, which appear to be the signs of the zodiac. The fourth has no divisions, and presents twelve human figures. The four Seasons occupy the angles of the square, on the side of which may be distinguished a globe with wings. It is probable that this stone belonged to a temple dedicated to the sun; that the whole of the hieroglyphics marks his passage into the signs of the zodiac; and his course, whose revolution forms the year. This stone is a proof that the Egyptians possessed astronomical knowledge from the most remote antiquity."

From Panopolis through different places our author falls in with the ruins of Abydos, an heap without inhabitants; "but," says he, "to the west of these ruins, we still find the celebrated monument of Ismandes. We first enter under a portico, raised about sixty feet, and supported by two rows of massy columns. The immoveable solidity of the edifice, the huge masses which compose it, the hieroglyphics it is loaded with, stamp it as a work of the ancient Egyptians. Beyond is a temple, which is three hundred feet long, by one hundred and forty-five feet wide. On entering, we remark an immense hall, the roof of which is supported by twenty-eight columns, sixty feet high, and nineteen in circumference at the base. They are twelve feet distant from each other. The enormous stones that form the ceiling, perfectly joined, and incrustated as it were one in the other, offer to the eye nothing but one whole platform of marble, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, and sixty-six feet wide. The walls are covered with innumerable hieroglyphics. One sees there a multitude of animals, of birds, and human figures, with pointed caps on their heads, and a piece of stuff hanging down behind, and dressed in open robes descending only to the waist. The clumsiness of the sculpture announces its antiquity. It is art in its infancy. The forms of the body, the attitudes, the proportions of the members are badly observed. Amongst these various representations,

sentations, women are to be distinguished suckling their children, and men presenting offerings to them. In the midst of these designs, engraved on the marble, the traveller discovers the *Divinities of India*. Monsieur Chevalier, formerly Governor of Chandernagor, carefully visited this ancient monument, on his return from Bengal. He remarked the Gods *Jaggrenat*, *Gonez*, and *Vichnou*, or *Vishnou*, such as they are represented in the Temples of Indostan. Have the Egyptians received these divinities from the Indians, or the Indians from the Egyptians? Were this question resolved, it would decide the antiquity of the two people." The mere resolution of this question could not shew whether the Indians or Egyptians were the more ancient people: it could only decide which of the two nations first received the Divinities here described. It would not even shew us the origin of the worship spoken of. Nevertheless Mr. Savary's account of these curious ruins is of very great importance, both as it respects the progress of art in Egypt, the coincidence of far distant nations in the same kind of idolatry, and the general history of mankind; and our author might have availed himself much more than he has done of the information which those ruins so clearly suggest. Many other valuable remains in this place are described, which we cannot attend to here; feeling ourselves compelled to pay a visit with our author to the neighbourhood of Thebes.

"Let us, says Mr. Savary, proceed to the southward of Carnack, where we fall in with the remains of one of the four principal Temples spoken of by Diodorus Siculus. It has eight entries, three of which have Sphinxes before them of an enormous size, with two large statues on each side. These Sphinxes and Colossuses, all of one single block of marble, are hewn in the antique stile. After passing through these majestic alleys, we arrive at four porticoes, each of which is thirty feet wide, fifty-two in height, and one hundred and fifty long. The first of these porticoes is entirely built of red granite, perfectly polished. Four compartments, filled with hieroglyphics, occupy the exterior faces. The interior has only three rows, in each of which one remarks two human figures, larger than Nature, sculptured with infinite art. The sides are decorated with colossal figures, elevated fifteen feet above the foundations of the gate. Two statues, thirty-three feet high, one of red granite, the other

of granite spotted with black and grey, are placed without. We must omit the second portico, as curious as the foregoing. At the extremity of these porticoes commenced those lofty walls which formed the first Court of the Temple. The people entered it by twelve gates. That which has suffered least from the injuries of time, and the mass of which appears immovable, is in the rustic stile, without hieroglyphics, and of an awful simplicity. It gives an entrance into the great square, the sides of which are formed by two terraces, elevated six feet from the ground, and eighty wide. The traveller admires there two beautiful colonnades, which extend the whole length of the terraces. Above and in the front of the Temple is a second Court, the extent of which corresponds with the majesty of the building. It is likewise decorated with two ranges of columns, which are more than fifty feet high, by eighteen in circumference at the base. Their capitals are in the form of vases, crowned with large square stones, which served probably as pedestals for statues. Two Colossuses of a prodigious size, but mutilated by barbarians, terminate these colonnades. Arrived at this place, the eye views with astonishment the immensity of the Temple. It is of a surprising elevation; its walls, built with marble, appearing incapable of destruction. The roof, of a greater height in the middle than at the sides, is supported by eighteen rows of pillars. Those which support the part the most elevated, are thirty feet in circumference, and about eighty in height; the others are one-third smaller. There is not in the universe a building whose grandeur bears a more awful character, nor whose majesty strikes more forcibly the feelings. It seems conformable with the great idea the Egyptians entertained of the Supreme Being; and it is impossible to enter it without being penetrated with respect. All its aspects are covered with hieroglyphics and extraordinary figures. On the north-side are sculptured representations of battles, with horses and with chariots, one of which is drawn by stags. We distinguish on the south wall two barks covered with a canopy, at the extremity of which appears a sun. They are pushed by mariners with poles. Two men, seated at the stern, seem to direct their course, and to receive homage." But we must quit this vast and wonderful Temple.

Mr. Savary, in describing the ruins of another magnificent Temple near Lux-

or, says: "But nothing gives us a greater idea of it, than two obelisks which served it as an ornament, and which seem to have been placed there by giants, or the genii of fable. Each of them, formed of a single block of granite, is seventy-two feet high above-ground, and thirty-two in circumference; but as they are gradually sunk into the sand and mud, we may fairly imagine them to have been ninety feet from the base to the summit. One of them is split towards the middle; the other is in perfect preservation. The hieroglyphics that cover them, divided into columns, and cut in *relievo*, projecting an inch and a half, do honour to the artist who was their sculptor. The hardness of the stone has preserved them from the injury of the air; nothing can be more majestic than these obelisks. Egypt is the only country where such works have been executed; nor is there a city in the world in which they would not form its noblest ornament." But we must leave Thebes without being able to mention a third part of her amazing ruins, or so much as naming her most wonderful Colossuses; works that would have been superior to the injuries of time, had they not fallen into the hands of barbarians.

We follow our author to *Hermuntis*, where two Temples, erected to Apollo and Jupiter, still remain. "Time, says he, has respected them. That of Apollo is small, but well preserved; its walls are formed of granite; a frieze covered with sparrow-hawks, consecrated to the God, runs round it. We mount on a platform by stairs formed in one of the sides. All its aspects are decorated with hieroglyphics; four rows of human figures are carved without, and three within. The building is divided into several halls. Five falcons, with their wings spread, adorn the ceiling of the first; golden stars shine upon the roof of the second. Here are two rams which look at each other, with hieroglyphics, sculptured with an Artist's hand; two marble oxen occupy the extremity of this apartment. Around it we see women suckling their children." From *Hermuntis*, through different places, our author conducts us to the ancient *Latopolis*, now *Esné*. "It contains within its boundary an antique Temple; thick walls inclose it on three sides. Six large fluted columns, crowned by a capital, ornamented with the palm leaf, form the facade of

it; eighteen others support the roof, which is composed of large squares of marble. The building is surrounded by a frieze, and, innumerable hieroglyphics cover its exterior aspects. Those of the inside, executed with much more care, mark the progress made by the Egyptians in sculpture." About a league to the west is another Temple, "on the walls of which is carved in several places a woman seated. [This was the Egyptian *Neith*.] The columns of this Temple possibly gave the Greeks the idea of the Corinthian Order." Our author told us before, that in none of the ancient Egyptians monuments do we see an *arch* or *column* of any of the Grecian Orders. Hence it is as possible that these columns were taken from the Corinthian Order, as that they gave the Greeks the idea of that Order: and we think it much more probable, that they had a reference to the Corinthian Order, than that they gave rise to it. "In fact, says Mr. Savary, the capitals are ornamented with a foliage resembling very much the acanthus; only it projects less, and is sometimes merely perceptible. Several animals painted on the ceiling, have preserved all the splendour of their colours. The Egyptians often employed in their paintings gold and ultramarine blue; but if we may judge by what remains of their works, they were unacquainted with the art of shading, by which the painter, passing insensibly from one shade to the other, knows how to bestow on objects their suitable forms and colours. Their colours are very brilliant; but almost always uniform, and simply laid on."—Above *Esné* or *Latopolis*, some leagues from *Edfou*, says Mr. Savary, "we see columns, pilasters, and hieroglyphics, with a chapel cut out of a solid stone." And in the Isle of Philé, above Sienna, he describes two magnificent Temples, and takes particular notice of the art there discovered. Thus we have followed Mr. Savary from Alexandria to the Tropic; and are very sorry that we must omit what he says of the wonderful Mausolea of the Egyptians, and especially those in the neighbourhood of Thebes. Some other monuments of art likewise are passed over in silence. Here we beg leave just to observe, all the monuments of art near Memphis are exquisite. "Hieroglyphics in *relievo* executed in the highest perfection." The Labyrinth, in the estimation of Pliny the most astonishing production

duction of the human genius. The superb Portico of Achmounain, built before the conquest of the Persians, wonderful as it is, yet has neither the elegance nor the purity of the Grecian Architecture. And when we advance still higher up the river to the monument of Imandes, near Abydos, while every thing stamps it as a work of the ancient Egyptians, yet the execution shews it to be *Art in its infancy*. But as we proceed still higher, Architecture begins to improve again; and when we come to the neighbourhood of Thebes, art, conception, beauty, grandeur, and majesty of design, are all in perfection. Nothing is stamped as a work of the first Egyptian Artists. There are no examples of *Art in its infancy*: nay higher up still, columns are found resembling

the Corinthian Order. We only state the facts as they are. Inferences and applications are left for others.

Such of our candid readers as feel the same kind of emotions which we have felt in perusing these ancient but precious remains of human genius and art, will not say that we have tarried too long amongst old ruins: Who can read the descriptions of those wonderful monuments without an involuntary swell within, which will not suffer him to leave the subject, but urges him on under the influence of complicated passions? We feel ourselves to be men, in reading over the ruins of those works which were the glory of men. What then must have passed within at the sight?

The London Medical Journal. Vol. VII. for the Year 1786. 8vo. Johnson.

(Continued from Page 39.)

12. **O**BSERVATIONS on the Use of the Globe Pessary. Communicated in a letter to Doctor Simmons, by Thomas Denman, M. D. Licentiate in Midwifery of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician Man-Midwife to the Middlesex Hospital, and Teacher of Midwifery in London.—This paper, as hath been the case hitherto with every other production of Doctor Denman, is highly deserving the attention of Practitioners. The author writes like a man of experience.

13. Farther Account of the Case of a Negro-woman who performed the Cæsarean Operation on herself.—Perhaps the annals of Physic do not record an instance of recovery more extraordinary than the present. It is the case of a poor Negro-woman in the Island of Jamaica, who being unable (as she said) to bear the pains of labour, cut open her abdomen and uterus, and extracted the child and placenta herself. The child died on the fifth day after its birth, but the poor woman herself recovered in five weeks. The first account of this curious cure appeared in the Medical Journal for 1786, on the authority of Doctor Bordbelt, a Physician of eminence at Spanish Town, in Jamaica, and was communicated to Doctor Simmons by Mr. Cowley, now settled in England, at Chester, and who, during the war, was Surgeon of the Military Hospital in Jamaica. The farther account of the cure now published, is given on the authority of Doctor David Morton, a very respectable Physician at Kingston in Jamaica, who had the care of the pa-

tient. The fact happened in the year 1769, and the patient, soon after her recovery, became the property of a Mr. Philips, of the parish of St. Thomas in the East. Doctor Morton, being desirous to learn the sequel of her history, made application for that purpose, by letter, about five years ago, to the Surgeon who has the care of the Negroes on Mr. Philips's estate, and from him he learned that she was then in good health, and had lately been delivered, at the full term, of a living child.

14. An Account of a remarkable Fact relative to the Small-Pox. Communicated in a Letter to Doctor Simmons, F. R. S. by William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, and one of the Physicians General in Jamaica.—This fact, as the learned author observes in his preliminary observations, is a proof that in the cure of the Small-Pox, a person may have a local affection, without the habit in general being tainted by the variolous poison. The fact is as follows:—In 1768, six Negroes were inoculated from matter taken from a patient in the natural Small-Pox; but their arms dried up about the 6th day. They were, therefore, placed under Doctor Wright's care to be again inoculated: at this time he had a large variolous pustule on his left thumb, of seven days standing, having been attending patients labouring under the Small-Pox; a disease which he had had, in the natural way, so long ago as the year 1745. No other infection being

at hand, he inoculated the six Negro-men from this pustule on his thumb, and the infection took place in all of them.

15. Remarks on Malignant Fevers, and their Cure by Cold Water and Fresh Air. Communicated in a Letter to Samuel Foart Simmons, M. D. F. R. S. by William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. Physician-General in Jamaica.—Since the time that Physicians have employed fresh air and cold watery drinks in the Small-Pox and Malignant Fevers, those diseases have been less fatal in tropical climates than formerly. Of the good effects of cold-bathing in fevers of this kind, Doctor Wright relates two striking instances, one of which is his own cure.

16. Case of a painful Affection of the Face cured by Electricity. By Mr. Robert Blunt, Surgeon at Odiham in Hampshire. Communicated in a Letter to William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. and by him to Doctor Simmons.—This complaint seems to have been perfectly analogous to that described by the late Doctor Fothergill in the Medical Observations and Enquiries, Volume V. and we are happy to find that a remedy seems, at length, to be found for it in Electricity.

17. History of a Case in which Symptoms of Pulmonary Consumption were suddenly relieved by the Expectoration of a piece of Carious Bone. By Mr. Charles Holman, Surgeon at Milverton in Somersetshire.—We have here the case of a poor man who seemed to be dying of a Consumption, when he suddenly coughed up a great quantity of blood, and with it a piece of carious

bone; after the removal of which all his complaints gradually disappeared. Upon being questioned with respect to his recollection of the lodgement of any such substance, he informed Mr. Holman, that about fifteen years before this period, he remembered to have felt a piece of bone lodge in the upper part of his throat one day while he was eating. A Surgeon was instantly sent for, and a probang introduced, which seemed to force down the piece of bone; but from that period he became subject to a cough, which gradually brought on symptoms of consumption, and continued till after the expectoration of the piece of bone in the manner just now related.

18. Miscellaneous Observations on the Medical and Surgical Cures of Cold Water. By Mr. Nicholas Chavasse, Surgeon at Walsall, in Staffordshire, and Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London.—These observations seem to be the production of a well-informed writer.

19. An Account of a Case in which the Head of the Os Femoris, shattered by a Gun-shot, is supposed to have been regenerated. By Mr. Joseph Brandish, Surgeon at Alcester, in Warwickshire. Communicated, with an account of a curious fact relative to the effects of Opium, in a Letter to Doctor Simmons. By James Johnstone, M. D. Physician at Worcester.—In this case a large portion of the head of the thigh-bone exfoliated, and was discharged through the wound. Of this piece of bone a good engraving is given in the Journal.

(To be Continued.)

Sir Matthew Decker's Essay on the Causes and Decline of Foreign Trade; its Effects on the Value of Land; and the Means to restore both. Printed in the Year 1740: in which the Impolicy of High Duties, the Necessity of Free Ports and French Commerce, are impartially considered. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Debrett.

THE Editor of this republication is grossly mistaken in ascribing it to the pen of Sir Matthew Decker, though we are sensible that it has been generally supposed to be the production of that gentleman. The fact is, that it was written by a Mr. RICHARDSON, a person well known in the mercantile world prior to the year 1740, the time when the first Edition was printed by John Brotherton, in Cornhill. We are sorry to have no authentic documents of this sensible Gentleman in our possession; and we are equally concerned, that we know nobody now living of whom to enquire for Anecdotes respecting him. The only recollection

we have of him is, that he retired some years ago to Kensington, and in the latter part of his life employed himself in reading books of Trade and Tull's Husbandry; which last he made a point of reading once a year, from a full persuasion, that by pursuing that plan, England would one day become what we now see her. Though he did not live to see its effects, the late Commutation Act is said to have been adopted from the ideas of Mr. Richardson, of whom we shall be happy to receive any communication or anecdotes, through the channel of our Literary or Mercantile Correspondents.

Pleasing

Pleasant Reflections on Life and Manners; with Essays, Characters, and Poems, moral and entertaining, principally selected from fugitive Publications. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Hooper.

A Judicious and entertaining collection, which we can safely recommend to those who have the care of youthful edu-

cation, as a proper book to be put into the hands of scholars of both sexes.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From RUSSIA.

THERE is now printing at St. Petersburg, a work in Latin, to be comprized in six vols. large folio, with 600 copper-plates coloured, entitled, *PAL-LAS FLORA RUSSICA*. Of this the first part of the first volume, with 50 plates, is already compleated. This book is printed by order of her Imperial Majesty, and was not intended to be sold, but her Majesty's design was to make presents of it. Permission having been obtained to sell a few copies, such a number as are subscribed for will be imported by John Sewell, bookseller in Cornhill, by the first ships of the present season. The price of each volume, with 100 copper-plates, will be 8 guineas.

There has also appeared here a phenomenon of literature; it is a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil into Greek verse, done by Eugenius de Bulgaris, formerly rector of a convent on mount Athos, and now archbishop of Cherfon, and by the learned in Russia is spoken of in terms of great approbation. This will also be imported at the same time; together with a Russian Grammar and Dictionary.

From HOLLAND.

THE Batavian Society of Experimental Philosophy, at Rotterdam, in a general meeting held there, the 10th of August, 1786, have proposed the following questions for solution:

1. "What are the causes of the increase of the *sandbank* in the road of Helvoetsluys, and of the considerable diminution in the breadth of the said road? What are the best means of removing said *bank*, and of recovering the depth in the middle of the river, by which, at the same time, the entrance of *Goederede* may be improved, or at least not suffer any farther damage?"

The Society deem it necessary that the candidates examine the said road itself, and particularly the haven of *Middelhar-nas*, both at high and low water; and that they pay particular attention to the changes which have taken place since the

inclosing of the *Hals*, or the embankment made at that place.

2. "What symptoms are discoverable in the general changes which take place in the eyes of mankind, and in the manner in which they, or the parts immediately connected with them, are affected, particularly their humours, bigness, colour, greater or less sensibility, different sensations occasioned by the light, uncommon acuteness, dimness, or loss of sight, whether temporary or perpetual, &c. by means of which an approaching illness may be foreseen, or the nature and causes ascertained of one already arrived, whether acute or chronical, affecting the whole body or a remote part of it; or any previous knowledge may be acquired with regard to its consequences, whether death, cure, or new disorders?"

The whole must be confirmed by the authority and practical observations of renowned physicians, both ancient and modern, but especially by personal and repeated experiences. Both these questions to be answered before the 1st of September, 1787; and the successful candidates to receive each a gold medal of the value of 30 ducats.

The two following questions are proposed in the name of the Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia.

1. "Whereas the use of spectacles and other eye-glasses is every day more generally anticipated, and a limitation with regard to it might prove of no inconsiderable importance to mankind; the Society promises a gold medal of 30 ducats value, to the person that shall point out, in the most satisfactory manner, from the principles of vision, and particularly from the nature and temperament of those parts of the eye, by means of which the sensations of light are communicated with more or less liveliness to the *sensorium commune*, how far such spectacles and glasses, by magnifying objects, and placing them in a stronger light, are useful and necessary for the improvement and preservation

"servation of the fight; and how far the
"use of them is to be considered as a
"rational custom, or a prejudice that is
"hurtful?"

2. "What are the usual disorders or
"ticknesses which Europeans, who have
"lived a considerable time in the East
"Indies, either bring along with them,
"or are subject to on their return to
"Europe? To what causes are these
"disorders to be attributed? and what
"are the best means to prevent or cure
"them?"

Both these questions also to be answered
before the first of September, 1787.

The Society further intimates that an-
swers are expected at the same time to the
following questions formerly prescribed.

1. "To what uses can the Meteorolo-
"gical observations towards which the
"attention of mankind is at present so zeal-
"ously directed, be applied? Of what ad-
"vantage may they be made productive
"to medicine in particular, and to hu-
"man society in general? and what is
"the best method of making them con-
"tribute thereto?"

(To be continued.)

BOOKS and PAMPHLETS, JANUARY and FEBRUARY 1787.

POETICAL.

THE Sultan, a Farce, by I. Bickerstaffe.
8vo. 6d. Dilly.

A Probationary Ode for the Laureat-
ship. 4to. 2s. Kearsley.

Ardelia. A Poem, addressed to Charles
Cowper, Esq. 4to. 1s. Baldwin.

Elegant Extracts, or useful and enter-
taining Pieces of Poetry, selected for
Youth. 8vo. 8s. Dilly.

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the Receipts. 4to. 2s. Cadell.

The First Floor. A Farce, by J. Cobb.
8vo. 1s. Dilly.

A Tragedy on the Death of Dion, by
Thomas Harwood, of University College,
Oxford. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Scatcherd and
Whitaker.

Plays written for a private Theatre by
William Davies. 8vo. 6s. Faulder.

Poems by James Fordyce, D. D. 12mo.
3s. Cadell.

Poems by Henry James Pye, Esq. 2
vols. 8vo. 12s. Stockdale.

Verses by John Frederick Bryant, late
Tobacco-pipe-maker at Bristol. 8vo. 5s.
The Author.

Literary Amusements in Verse and
Prose, by Mr. Webb. 8vo. 2s. Doddsley.

Poems by John Donaldson. 4to. 2s. 6d.
Nicol.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Orlando and Seraphina. A Turkish
Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Lane.

Enquiries concerning Lettres de Cachet,
the Consequences of arbitrary Imprison-
ment, and a History of the Inconvenien-
cies, Distresses, and Sufferings of State
Prisoners. By Count de Mirabeau. 2 vols.
8vo. 11s. Robinson.

The Asiatic Miscellany. 12mo. 3s.
Wallis.

Some Reasons for thinking the Greek
Language was borrowed from the Chi-
nese, in Notes on the Grammatica Sinica
of Mons. Fourmont. By Mr. Webb.
8vo. 2s. Doddsley.

Two Discourses delivered at public
Meetings of the Royal Academy of Sci-
ences and Belles Lettres at Berlin, in the
Years 1785 and 1786. By Baron Hertz-
burgh. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Dilly.

The History of Henrietta Mortimer;
or, The Force of Enthusiasm. 2 vols.
12mo. 6s. Hookham.

The History of Captain and Miss Ri-
vers. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Hookham.

POLITICAL.

A short Review of the Political State
of Great Britain, at the Commencement
of 1787. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

E P I S T L E

To the MARQUIS IPPOLITO PANDEMONTE,
at VERONA.**W**HERE stately Venice views with
conscious pridePalladian structures in her trembling tide,
And bids with annually repeated vows
The solemn Doge his green-hair'd bride es-
pouse ;As in old time the nuptial pomp was seen,
Of Pelcus and his silver-slipper'd Queen ;
There, since the savage Turk o'erturn'd her
fane,In the fair * Isle that own'd her blissful
reign,The Cyprian goddess all her power displays,
And bids new vot'ries kneel, new altars
blaze ;There, for a while her winning influence stole
In gentle languors on my captive soul.

To Pleasure's ev'ry haunt at ease convey'd,

In the soft gondola supinely laid ;

No other cares could then my thoughts em-
ploy,

But indolent to glide from joy to joy ;

In sprightly converse speed the hours away

At the throng'd Fair†, or the Cassino gay ;

O'er the wide Theatre's half circle range,

Transported with the fond pursuits of change ;

While in each box new charms mine eyes
engage,

Nor let them ever wander to the stage ;

Prolong at Beauty's side, supremely blest,

The blithe repast, 'till Phœbus warn'd to rest ;

Lead thro' the mazy dance her nimble feet,

Or press her wanton in the lone retreat !

Mean while, enfeebled by these soft de-
lights,

No more each serious task my soul invites ;

But nature's self was blotted from my
thought,With all the wond'rous works the arts have
wrought.

Forgot each charm the rural prospect yields,

" The pomp of groves, and garniture of
fields ;"Forgot each darling object that from home
Led my free steps through foreign lands to
roam ;The late found coin's time-consecrated rest,
The glowing canvas, and the breathing bust ;
Of architects renown'd, each exalte de-
sign ;

Th' Italian Muse's rich poetic mine !

Ah ! how unlike to thee, whom still se-
cure

In Pleasure's lap fair Science can allure :

Nor more thy own Ulysses ‡ could disdain

The cup Circean, or the Syren's strain.

But sudden, when I left th' enchanted
isles,And saw around the spring's returning
smiles ;

(Unmark'd before the season's gradual course)

My wonted tastes return'd with double
force.Like one long tost on the tempestuous main,
Who joys to view his parent Earth again ;

The green-leaf shiv'ring in the balmy gale,

The flowers that scent the dew-besprinkled
vale ;The vines in rich festoons so gaily hung,
The tender blade, which seem'd that im-
mortal sprung ;Rais'd in my soul such transports and sur-
prise,

I thought § Elysium opening to my eyes !

While these emotions Mem'ry loves to
trace,She gives Verona a distinguish'd place ;
Where still the vast Arena towers sublime,Stupendous work, that mocks the rage of
Time !Where foaming Adigè with rapid force
Thro' antique arches rolls his sounding
course ;Where Fancy, Science, Taste, wi h thee re-
side,With thee, whose friendship is my lot and
pride !And ¶ still he adds the gen'rous Albert's
name,

Meek nature's lover, with enthusiast flame.

Led up the hills by his attentive care,

To view her scenes and breathe the morn-
ing air ;

* Cyprus, once belonging to the Venetians.

† A Fair, tho' no place of fashionable resort in England, is at Venice frequented by the
best company.‡ In allusion to a Tragedy written by the Marquis on the subject of the last book of
Homer's Odyssey.§ At Venice there are neither fields nor gardens, so that the progress of the seasons is
quite imperceptible.¶ The Author could not avoid paying this small tribute of esteem to persons, whose
kindness and agreeable conversation he must ever remember wit h gratitude and delight.

While he unlock'd his learning's copious store,

Whate'er we saw, his converse charm'd me more.

And lov'd Pagani, who, in tuneful lays,
Has sung so well the object of my praise,
Fair Beatrice—Were mine his accents sweet,
Each Tuscan echo should that name repeat !
Illustrious City ! may thy modern fame
Rival the lustre of thine ancient name ;
For still thy sons the fav'ring muse inspires,
And thy fair daughters share her genial fires.

Round female brows when living laurels twine,
Broader they spread, and more resplendent shine ;

Exult—a Verza, a Mosconi's thine.

Now fever'd from those seats of social joy,
The arts alone my musing hours employ ;
For now no more the blue-ey'd Pleasures rove

Arno's green banks, or, Boboli, thy grove !
O'er the chang'd scene his baleful pinions spread,

While the fierce Austrian eagle rears the head,
Like tim'rous doves, his ravening beak they fly,

To sport and flutter in a kinder sky !

Consoled by study, here I find repose,
Each quiet day in even tenor flows ;
And the fam'd Gallery, to my curious sight,
Presents exhaustless subjects of delight.
Chief to the lov'd Tribuna's * sacred seat,
Full oft my rap't'rous visits I repeat.

Hence, ye prophane, whom lust of wealth or power

Forbid to know one tasteful feeling hour ;
Hence boist'rous Mirth, of manners coarse and rude,

Hence gloomy Care, nor here your steps intrude !

Thus undisturb'd, whene'er I look around,
Some matchless work on ev'ry side is found.

On the soft bed see Titian's Fair recline,
Her naked charms that with full lustre shine ;
Her wanton eyes, that " dart contagious fire,"
Prompt the loose wish, and lawless loves inspire.

In tender Guido's softer style express,
With heaven-fix'd eye, and arms that cross her breast,

The meek Madona's looks, devout and pure,
To chaister, livelier blifs my hopes allure.

" Rapt into future times" the Samian Maid,
By bold Guercino's powerful hand display'd,
Transported the prophetic flame receives :
How vain, if winds disperse the faithful leaves !

* The name of that room belonging to the Gallery in which the most valued pieces of painting and sculpture are preserved. What is generally called Titian's Venus is here considered only as a beautiful woman, as she has none of the usual attendants of the Goddess. The Samian Maid is the Sibyl, and Raphael's Saint the St. John. The statue of the Listener is commonly known by the name of Arrotino, and is supposed to represent the slave who first discovered Cataline's conspiracy. It seems almost unnecessary to add, that the Venus is the famous Venus of Medicis.

† *Canto l'arme pietosi, e il Capitano.* TASSO.

‡ *Le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori, le cortesie.* ARIOSTO.

A stronger inspiration shines confest

In Raphael's Saint, and fills his sab'ring breast ;

In bloom of youth while he sequester'd dwells

'Mid desert wilds, rude rocks, and gloomy dells ;

His wide-extended arm and ardent eye
Proclaim his hallow'd mission from on high !
Much more of Picture's toil adorns the walls,
But Sculpture too my admiration calls.

How each fierce Wrestler strains his sinewy frame,

Exulting That, and This depress'd with shame !

What fix'd attention in his face appears,
Who unobserv'd the dreadful project hears ;
And while dark plotting Treason spreads around,

His work suspends to drink the fearful sound !

As if from Tempe's vale by magic drawn,
How full of mirth and glee the dancing Faun !

Such forms poetic eyes alone have seen
Skim the green lawn, or glance thick shades between !

What wond'rous grace, and harmony divine,

In young Apollo's fair proportions shine !
Nor these can long detain my eager sight,
While Venus' still more perfect charms invite ;

Great master-piece of art, above all praise,
Grown to the spot, I there could ever gaze ;
Pygmalion-like, enamour'd of a stone,
Heave the vain sigh, and pour the fruitless moan !

And frequent by the taper's trembling light,

Sweet poetry beguiles the fleeting night ;
Whether his page I turn, whose song hath told

Of pious † arms, led on by Godfrey bold ;
Or his ‡ of beauteous Dames and burnish'd Knights,

Fierce wars, and courteous deeds, and love's delights ;

Or lost in grief o'er Laura's mournful bier,
With Petrarch drop the sadly-pleasing tear ;
Or in thy verse brave Eliot's glory view,
And the proud story of his fame pursue,
Which loftier honours from a stranger gains,
Than from his native Muse's warbled strains.
The British tube thus foreign fages rear,
To trace the wonders of the starry sphere ;
And while each Constellation's brighter shewn,

Prefer our stronger glasses to their own.

Florence, 24th July, 1785. W. P.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

Looking over some old family papers a few days ago, I discovered the inclosed copy of verses, which I had thought totally lost. They were written by a young Lady under twenty, on her supposed recovery from a decline, into which, however, she relapsed this winter, and is now numbered with the dead. I have sent you the lines in her own hand-writing, and beg leave to observe, that though the following, and other pieces of her poetry which I have seen, and may perhaps recover, do not so much abound in declamation about verdant groves, and purple blossoms, and fragrant zephyrs, and modest violets, and blushing roses, and pale lillies, and crystal streams, and tender sighs, and *delicious tears*, and constant loves, and *vows broken for the sake of exalted filial piety*, and all the rest of the hackneyed appendages of our modern sentimental poetry, which has of late been most *beautifully* romantic, and *prettily* extravagant, and most *deliciously* beyond the truth of nature; tho' the following, I say, does not abound in such ornaments, it has at least one kind of merit; and it would be better for some of our celebrated versifiers had they more of that kind, viz. Common Sense; not to mention the solemn strain of pious and philosophic meditation, which breathes through this little morsel of serious soliloquy. And certainly there are some of your Fair Readers, who can find pleasure and amusement too in other sorts of writing than wild romantic love-fictions, and mere poetical nosegays. To those particularly who have been, or are visited with sickness or broken constitutions, the following may perhaps be acceptable.

P. R.

WHEN children in the wood have
past the noon,
Engag'd in thoughtless sport till night comes
on,
What terrors then they feel! All courage
lost,
Each distant bush appears a mangled ghost.
So dreaming thro' the maze of age we stray,
In joy and fear as much the child as they;
Some vain pursuits still all our passions hold,
The love of pleasure or the lust of gold;
While gathering sickness or decrepit age
Can, how to bear, not one poor thought en-
gage.
But when our friends around our sick bed
weep,
And yawning graves torment us in our sleep,
Confounded at the unexpected stroke,
Our pleasures vanish as the fleeting smoke;
A thousand fears then stare us in the face,
A thousand doubts exclude our inward peace;
Then prayers on vows, and vows on pray-
ers we make,
And if indulgent Heaven should pity take,

And we revive, just as our strength re-
turns,

Each former passion in our bosom burns;
Our fav'rite pleasure we again renew,
Indulge each passion, and each wish pur-
sue;

Then mocking at our fears, we call them
vain,

Our vows delirium, and th' effect of pain.
Thus safe at home the little boy can boast,
He would not tremble at a wand'ring ghost;
So on we dream our thoughtless life again,
And oft as waken'd by the shock of pain,
Our former terrors all again arise,
Again we fill the air with vows and sighs.

But who the wife man then? What art
can give,

What study teach how like a man to live?
Will riches make us wise, or good, or blest?
No, riches often make their lord a beast.

Look round the world; see who so struck
with fear

As the high pamper'd chief, when death
draws near.

Go to the sculptur'd domes, where letter'd
Pride,

And Indolence, as in their courts, reside.

Go mark the sage, whose fluent tongue can
tell

How all the various nations rose or fell;
Who can of morals shew the latent cause,
And trace the vast extent of nature's laws:
Go mark him—Ah! his passions all rebel,
He stares, he foams—For why? The candle
fell.

Say, has his learning made him wish to
share

The widow's blessing and the poor man's
prayer?

Ah no!—What then have all his books be-
stow'd,

What mighty blessing giv'n him? Made
him—proud:

And though his learning has not giv'n him
wealth,

It soothes his guilty conscience—while in
health.

Say, can his mighty reason, that has rov'd
Through every tract, and by each tract im-
prov'd,

Say, can it calmly scorn th' approach of
fear,

And all the horrors of the death-bed bear?
Ah no! e'en Bolingbroke in death confess'd,

His reason could not sooth his troubled
breast.

But who the wife man then? Go seek the
plains,

Where simple uncorrupted nature reigns;
Go seek the man whose wishes ask no more

Than to spare something to the wandering
poor;

Who never can forsake his friend in need,
Whose heart must ever for the sufferer bleed;
Who more than death would shun the small-
est fault

Against his conscience, or in deed or thought;
Whose open, blunt, and uncorrupted heart
Knows nothing of the sly deceiver's art:

Who cheerfully resigns in every state,
Nor once suspects he is so good and great;
Such social virtues all his ways inspire,
The best will love him, and the worst admire:

Such, tho' relentless fate wound on each side,
From inward peace can smile with modest pride.

Though sickness comes, and all its tribe of pain,

His humble virtue can them all disdain;
And though hoar age his feeble limbs invade,

Benumb his breast, and strike his senses dead;

In that cold winter still his soul is blest,
Patiently longing for the promis'd rest;
Nor claims he as reward the blest abode,
But with a Son's assurance trusts his Father, God.

In life how many a dreadful accident
Nor learning can foresee, nor pow'r prevent?

He then who with a manly equal mind
Can bear each lot, still to the worst resign'd,
He is the man, of whatsoe'er degree,
Deserves the name of Wise, and only he.

E P I T A P H

On the Tomb of Sir THOMAS STANLEY,
Knt. second son of Edward, Earl of Derby,
which was remaining on the north side
of the chancel of the church of Tong*,
in the county of Salop, in 1693, when
Sir William Dugdale made the last visitation
of that county; and which Sir William
in a marginal note says, was written
by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian.

ASK who lies here, but do not weep,
He is not dead, he doth but sleep:
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones;
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,

Shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name;
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,

Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in Heaven.

(From c. 35. fo. 20. in the College of Arms.)

On the Recovery of an only Child from the Small-pox.

WHEN sickness pal'd thy rosy cheek,
And stole the lustre from thine eye,
The minutes of each tedious hour
Were mark'd by sad anxiety.

For all thy soft endearing smiles,
Which spoke with such expressive grace,
Alas! were fled, and only pain
Was trac'd upon thy cherub face.

When near the doubtful crisis drew,
And keener anguish fill'd my breast;
In trembling hope, the fervent prayer
My agonising soul address'd.

'Twas heard—and health again restores
The sprightly look, the rosy hue;
Father of Heaven, to thee alone,
All gratitude, all praise is due!

G. C.

S O N G.

By MARIA FALCONER.

YE roses, bow your lovely heads,
Nor boast your damask hue;
For see, yon spotless lily spreads
Her charms to rival you.

So in the beauteous female breast
Does Envy's passion dwell;
Each blooming maid, of charms possess'd,
Endeavours to excel.

Ah silly nymphs, behold your doom,
In yonder fading flower:
For what is Beauty's brightest bloom?
The triumph of an hour!

ON CONTENTMENT.

By HARRIET FALCONER, aged 14.

CONTENTMENT, source of every earthly joy,
Without thee, what are riches, what is power?

E'en luxury and grandeur soon will cloy,
And yield no bliss beyond the present hour.

'Tis not in courts that thou delight'st to dwell;

Contentment scorns the gilded roofs of state;
But in the honest peasant's lowly cell
She lives retir'd, nor fears the storms of Fate.

Parent of blooming health, and spotless peace,

Thou sweet companion of the guiltless breast,
When thou art absent, all those pleasures cease,

Which when thou'rt present make us truly blest.

To thee, fair goddess, I devote these lays,
The free effusions of a tender heart,
Which ever scorn'd dissimulating praise,
The tongue of Falshood, or the pen of Art.

Perhaps in some sequester'd cottage laid,
Contented Virtue, like a flow'r unblown,
Which it emerging from the humble shade,
Might well have added lustre to a throne.

* This Sir Thomas Stanley died according to the Peerage December 18, 1576, when Shakespeare was only 12 years old, and was buried at Walthamstow in Essex.

EXTEMPORE on DEATH.

By the Same.

O Cruel Death, thou fatal canker-worm,
Which on the damask cheek of Beauty
 prey'st;
With thee the slave and sovereign too are
 one.

The tears of parents and the sighs of friends
Move not thy steely heart, nor can avert,
E'en for a moment thy uplifted stroke.
'Tis not the purple splendour of a throne,
The glitt'ring pomp of Luxury and Wealth,
Nor all the riches which Peru can yield,
Can bribe thy favour, or thy pity prove:
E'en female beauty, of relentless force,
Could ne'er thy rage, insatiate monster, tame.

On the VIOLET.

By the Same.

A lovely flower, whose purple breast
Unnumber'd sweets disclose;
Whose fragrance floats upon the breeze
 That o'er thy bosom blows!

Oh may no nipping wint'ry wind
Thy tender beauties seize;
But Flora still preserve her flower,
 To scent the vernal breeze.

The DECLINE of WIT.

By Mr. HOLCROFT.

WIT once was known a blithsome boy,
A rosy youth, right full of glee;
The cot or palace was his own,
 Where none so welcome was as he.

Behind his back a budget fraught
With many a trick and many a tale,
He lightly bore with jocund heart,
 And sung a-down the flowery dale.

The pleasure of his pearly cheeks,
His glances shot on every side,
His skips and bounds, and frolick leaps,
 Bespoke a heart that care defied.

'Mong high-born dames and ladies fair,
And Lords, and Earls, and Barons bold,
More welcome he than April suns,
 His geer more precious far than gold.

Sometimes he call'd himself a bard,
And then of strifeful combats sung;
Sometimes a minstrel, and his harp
 With some old legend loudly rung.

And then, anon, a Troubadour,
To love he tun'd his voice so sweet,
Till souls have melted at his song,
 And Lords have died at Ladies feet.

If he in playful mood were seen,
Infants would in his bosom creep;
Or if some tragic tale he told,
 The roughest warrior there would weep.

And never was in clamour drown'd,
That voice so various in delight;
The lips were curs'd that gave him let,
 For all hearts yearn'd to do him right.

Full oft the servitor has stopt,
Arrested in the midway hall;
Struck with the magic of his tongue,
 The ringing vessel down would fall.

And every window still was throng'd
With village boor and tip-toe hind;
With anxious crowds of listening maids,
 Each door and avenue were lin'd.

Then who so honour'd, so belov'd!
Then who so happy! who so gay!
He rovd away the summer morn,
 He sung the wint'ry night away.

Each wish was his, each fruit and flower!
No gift too good for him might be:
No gem too bright for him to wear;
 For then, alas! 'twas who but he?

He stood not, then, in tatter'd weeds,
An humble suppliant in the hall;
He wait'd not with front debas'd,
 'Till pride contemptuous pleas'd to call.

He chose not, then, the by-way path,
To hide himself from taunting eyes:
He then was held a god! while now,
 Part pity him, but most despise.

Ah, ancient days of deep regret!
Ah, golden times! where are ye fled?
Who, now, the welcome mansion keeps,
 Where Wit may rest his weary head?

Who, now, with eager prayer shall court,
Or pay with ample praise the song?
Who shall his high deserts repeat,
 Or the loud plaudits now prolong?

In some poor hut he's forc'd to dwell,
While impudence usurps his name;
Writes rhyme, and paragraph, and pun,
 Intrigues, and puffs himself to fame.

An ODE from KHOOSRO.

By W. K.

I SOUGHT the sage in simples skill'd,
And sighing told him all my pain;
I told him of my sleepless nights,
And begg'd relief in piteous strain.

The practis'd leech my pulse remark'd,
And all in tender accent said:
"Methinks nought aileth thee but love—
 "Then name the captivating maid.

"Speed to the nymph, and paint thy woe,
"Urge how you've lov'd, and lov'd with
 truth;

"Snatch from her lips a balmy kiss,—
"So only canst thou live, fond youth."—

I sought the fair, and mournful cry'd,
"Ah! lovely mistress of my heart!
"Love like a cancer, gnaws this breast,
"I die, unless you ease my smart."

With piercing look, the maid reply'd,
"Who, and whence art thou, plaintive
 swain?

"Like thee, lo! thousands bleeding lie!
"Lo, too! my way is fill'd with slain!"

"I'm

" I'm one," I cry'd, who vainly loves,
 " A frantic youth who hopeless sighs ;
 " One whom thy charms have long en-
 flav'd,
 " The wretched victim of those eyes !"
 My modest flame the nymph approv'd,
 And smiling cry'd, " Khoofo ! be gay
 " Let grief no more thy breast corrode,
 " These lips thy suff'ring's shall repay."

A N E L E G Y,

Written by Dr. J— W— *, on the Death of
 his Wife.

LO, to the iron hand of Fate
 My dear *Statira*, meek-soul'd mate,
 Refugas her tuneful breath !
 Though lock'd her teeth, her lips though
 pale,
 And blue each harmless finger-nail,
 She's beautiful in death.

Soon as I heard the last sweet sigh,
 And saw her lovely closing eye,
 How great was my surprize !
 Yet did I not, with impious breath,
 Arraign the sudden shaft of Death,
 Nor blame the righteous skies !

Why do I groan in deep despair ?
 Since she's a first-rate angel fair :
 Ah, why my bosom finite ?
 Could grief *Statira's* life restore !
 But—! t me give such ravings o'er,
 Whatever is—is right.

Ye friends, who come to mourn her doom,
 For God's sake gently tread the room,
 Nor call her from the blest !
 In softest silence drop the tear,
 In whispers breathe the fervent prayer,
 To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream,
 I cannot bear such grief extreme,
 Enough—one little sigh !
 Besides, the wild uproar of grief
 In many a mind might raise belief,
 That all our grief's a lie.

Good people ! shroud my lamb with care ;
 Her limbs, soft touching, kindly spare ;
 Her mouth ah gently close !
 Her mouth, the sweetest tongue that held,
 Whose mild, commanding tone compell'd
 To peace my loudest woes.

And carpenter, for my sad sake,
 Of roughest oak her coffin make,
 I'd not be sneaking, sure :
 Of steel procure the strongest screws,
 For who would paltry pence refuse,
 To lodge his wife secure ?

Ye mourners, who the corpse convey,
 With caution tread the doleful way,
 Nor shake her precious head !
 Since Fame reports, a coffin tost
 With careless swing against a post,
 Did once disturb the dead.

* Peter Pindar, Esq.

† From *Pirates*, a hard stone or mineral, of a rich and glittering appearance, but without
 corresponding value.

‡ Written soon after the sudden blight which happened last summer.

Farewell, my love, for ever lost,
 Ne'er troubled be thy gentle host,
 That I again may woo !
 By all our past delights, my dear,
 No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
 —Plague take me if I do.

AN EPITHET for the PRESENT AGE.

By Dr. FORDYCE

POETS with rapture sing the *Golden Age*,
 Of human excellence the highest stage !
 In darkest shades they paint those *Iron Days*,
 When men nor Virtue fought, nor Virtue's
 praise.

Our times to both, to neither are allied ;
 In show supreme, of answer'ing worth de-
 void !

Shining like gold, yet full of base alloy ;
 And hard like iron, yet light as childish toy !
 Could sciences and arts lost fame restore,
 'Tis own'd that these have never flourish'd
 more.

But Principle and Feeling fade away :
 The passion of this age is vain display.
 Might I a novel epithet advance,
Pyritical † would mark its name at once.

EVIL COMPANY : AN ODE ‡.

By the Same.

THE Garden breath'd a sweet per-
 fume,

And all was beauty, all was bloom ;
 The orient Sun unclouded shone,
 And Flora's gayest robes were on ;
 Health was convey'd on every breeze ;
 The richest blossoms cloth'd the trees ;
 Hope sprung to think, that Autumn's
 flore

Would crown whatever appear'd before ;
 When sudden rose a killing eastern blast,
 And, lo ! the golden prospect all at once
 was past.

See you that youth, whose happier days
 Inspir'd each generous mind with praise ;
 Whom careful Culture's prudent hand
 Had taught his passions to command ;
 Whose manners spoke a gentle heart,
 Beyond the reach of modern art ?
 Where'er in those blest years he came,
 He still excited Friendship's flame ;
 Each candid eye beheld him with delight,
 When Folly's noxious air produc'd a fatal
 Blight !

TO A MAN OF LIVELY BUT UNEQUAL
 SPIRITS IN CONVERSATION.

AN EPISTLE.

By the Same.

A Flaring light fatigues and hurts the
 eye :
 In lifeless shade we nothing can descry.
 Avoid extremes : an universal rule !
 Though rarely understood by any fool.

Incessant laughers weary me : but then,
 I tire alike of dull and gloomy men.
 Your gloomy men, who frown at harmless
 glee,
 Were never made, my Friend, for you or me.
 Yet still 'twere better to be sometimes dull,
 Than of smart things to seem for ever full.
 A clever fellow !—He who courts that name,
 Of solid sense will scarce insure the same.
 Good-humour, ease, and just remark be-
 tween,
 In conversation form the happy mean.

O N J E S T I N G ;

AN EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

AMONG the follies that discourse infest,
 I count the passion for perpetual Jest.
 Grant the Jest good : his judgment were
 not nice,
 Who still should load your plate with salt
 and spice.

AD R E G E M.

O ! PATRIÆ dilecte Pater, cum Fœmi-
 na frustra
 Armata petiit Te male sana Manu ;
 Plaudite tuo, longumque precor, potare pe-
 riclo
 Hinc Tibi nota DEI GRATIA, GENTIS
 AMOR ! C. ANSTEY.
 Bathoniæ, Sept. 16, 1786.

Mr. COLLINS's COALITION SONG, en-
 titled the GREAT BEAR and the CUB.

INTRODUCTORY STANZA.

IF you'll not think the subject too hack-
 ney'd and stale,
 But patiently let me go through with my
 tale,
 At the joke I'm persuaded no party will
 spurn,
 But PITTIRES and FOXITES will laugh in
 their turn,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

S O N G.

AS the sun rules by day, and the moon rules
 by night,
 From whence come diurnal and nocturnal
 light ;
 So if one in the way of the other but trips,
 He that plays least in sight is pronounc'd in
 eclipse, *Derry down, &c.*
 But our Rulers of State are of quite different
 kind,
 Asthey shine or wax dim not by motion but
 wind,
 Mere Candles in fact, which I'll prove be-
 yond doubt,
 For a puff blows them in, and a breath puffs
 them out.
 Two rivals, who long like twolink boys,
 in spite,
 Had puff'd and blown hard, to quench each
 other's light ;
 As they'd fain be thought stars, why like
 stars to a tittle,
 We'll pronounce one the Great Bear, the
 other the Little.

The Great Bear had long like a huge comet
 blaz'd,
 And with such a long train that all eyes were
 amaz'd !

But while puff'd up with pride he defy'd
 ev'ry rub,

At last was puff'd out [blows out a candle]
 by the breath of the Cub.

Urfa Minor thus made *Urfa Major* give way,
 And a new constellation at court took the
 sway ;

When a sudden eclipse turn'd the tables once
 more,

And the Cub was puff'd out [blows out the
 other] as the Bear was before.

Both parties now finding contention in vain,
 Quoth the Great Bear, " Let int'rest make
 one of us twain ;

Coalition at once our promotion secures,
 So if you'll blow in my candle—I'll blow
 in your's."

" A match, (quoth the Cub) and I hold it
 no sin,

As we both are puff'd out to puff each other
 in :

So here goes, my dear Lord, [blows in one
 candle] you see I can do it."

" And so can I too, Charles, [blows in the
 other] *Sit lux, et lux fuit.*"

Now shining like twin-stars called Pollux
 and Castor,

They thought, cheek by jole, they could
 brave all disaster,

When an East-India blast, which their skill
 could not weather,

Like two Farthing Rush-lights, puff'd out
 [blows out both candles] both together.

Now extinguish'd they lie, like make-
 weights on a till,

In hopes they'll once more the State-Can-
 dlestick fill ;

And no doubt, if politics take a new turn,
 But one Royal puff may make both again
 burn.

'Tis thus the State-Candles are in and out
 blown,

And they'd puff out a Brother's, to keep in
 their own ;

Yet some had much better be darken'd out-
 right,

Than have all which they've done in the
 dark brought to light.

Though 'tis whisper'd that some folks have
 blown out each spark,

Because secret Influence does best in the dark,
 So they've puff'd out the candles, and muz-
 zled the Bears,

The better to grope their way up the Back-
 Stairs.

Now if any that way into favour have stole,
 And have blown out the candles to finger the
 cole,

'Tis fear'd by the *steps* they may take in their
 turn,

We shan't have a coal or a candle to burn.

The TRIUMPH of VENUS.

A S O N G.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-
killing bowl,
And fully in thought-drowning revels de-
light;

Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the
soul,

When foster devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potion oblivious a balm may bestow;

But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of
the fair,

The death of reflection's the spring of all
woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so
divine,

With riot would bid the sweet vision be
gone;

For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Ba chus's
tun.

The tender excess, that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions denied;

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the
dart,

And fools jest at that for which sages have
died.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been
my doom,

And well can I speak of its joys and its
strife;

The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the
gloom,

But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens
our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my
sight

The magic illusions that ravish my soul;

Awake in my breast the soft dream of de-
light,

And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my
bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet
remove;

But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the
wine,

That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweet-
en'd by love.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet
remove;

But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the
wine,

That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweet-
en'd by love.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING lately led by curiosity to visit
COADE'S LITHODIPRA, or Artificial
Stone Manufactory at Lambeth, I was a
good deal struck with the superiority of
this composition to any sort of natural or
rock stone. It brought to my recollection
that famous Chinese wall of which Li-
brand Ides, in his travels, expresses a
surprize, that, having stood upwards of
two thousand five hundred years, it should
retain the appearance of one that had not
been built twenty.

The reflection that this stupendous ef-
fort of human labour had been rendered
permanent by means of the stones of
which it is composed being a burnt com-
position; and the obvious reasons which
must occur to every naturalist why it
should be so; made me wish that a Ma-
nufacture like this might attract some
distinguished notice in a kingdom, where
it would be a means of perpetuating such
works as would do honour to the present
age. And indeed, to my great surprize,
I found already various specimens of
such application of it as need but be
known, in order to secure the patronage
of every lover of Virtue.

I here saw statues and vases after the
antique Basso Relievos, in an almost infinite
variety of capitals, and other ornaments
in every order of Architecture, executed
in a style that bespeaks some masterly ge-

nius to have been engaged; and add to
all this, a great saving of expence. In
short, I was at once pleased and provoked
to see an undertaking that would do ho-
nour to any nation, shut up in an obscure
corner.

For the benefit of the public, as
well as encouragement of merit, I wish
you would insert these hints, as they may
awaken the attention of some pen better
qualified to do justice to the subject.

I am, Sir, yours.

A TRAVELLER.

St. James's Hotel, Jan. 14.

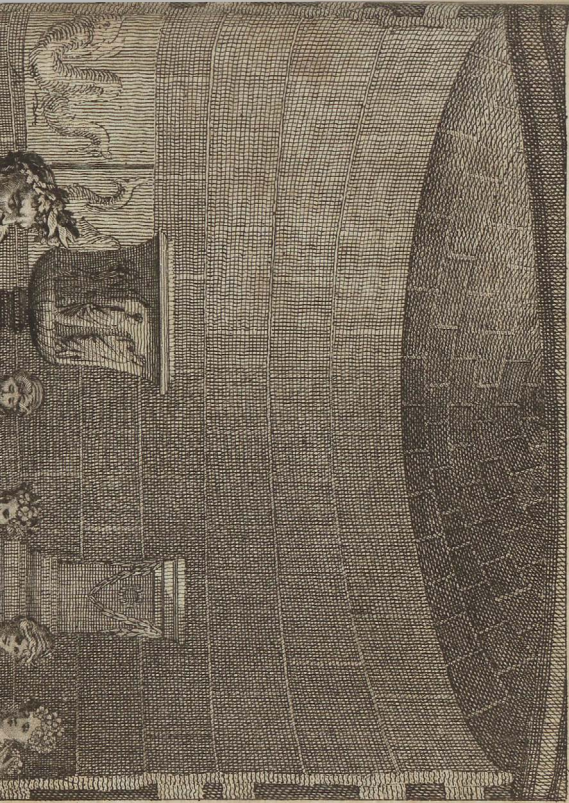
WE much approve of this Gentleman's
hint; and apprehending we are serving
the public thereby, propose to present
them with such sketches of the works of
this Manufactory as we may be able to
obtain. In this we have made a be-
ginning in the PLATE annexed, containing
the River-God (a nine feet Figure)—The
Four Seasons (between five and six feet
each)—and other pieces of Sculpture as
placed in their Kiln—of which this Draw-
ing presents a Section.

The two Lions at the corner of Port-
land Place, are of this Manufactory.
William Trench Chiswell, Esq. is build-
ing a Church in Essex; the quoins, key-
stones, frieze, and all other ornaments
usually made of stone, at a much greater
expence, are of this composition.



View of the River God THAMES 9 feet Square & 4 SEASONS as placed
the Altar for Burning, so as to represent them in the Synagogue at Lambeth.
Published by T. Borell, Cornhill 1796.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.



OPTIMISM: A DREAM.

By M. MERCIER.

[Concluded from Page 18.]

MY eyes grown more attentive, flew again to the glass, and I beheld Mirza and Fatmé, two noble and tender lovers, just in their prime, when the enthusiasm of virtue displays itself. That day had united their hands, and a mutual tenderness promised a series of happy days. The soft intoxication of bliss blazed in their countenances, their hands were twined, and their sighs mingled with enchanting softness.—Fatmé was possessed of virgin beauty—its chastity, its graces, and its fugitive soft carnation lustre. The most beautiful bosom enclosed the noblest heart. Silenced by love, his soul plunged in inexpressible rapture, Mirza embraced his Fatmé, and broken sentences were the only feeble interpreters of the emotions of his soul. Fatmé rewarded her lover's tenderness with an enchanting smile;—she blushed, and this adorable blush was the effect of the purest love. As their silence expressed what the tongue could not, my heart was enraptured at the bewitching picture of virtue crowned by love. How could the friend of man see two hearts happy and united, without feeling exquisite pleasure and applauding their happiness.

Those lovers congratulated themselves on their union, as they had the power of jointly doing a great deal of good.—They were rich, and pleased with being able to relieve a multitude of unfortunate beings.—Their wedding day they wished, that sensible hearts like their own should enjoy the same felicity;—they married young girls to their lovers, when fortune was the only obstacle to their union. Mirza wanted every heart to be in unison with his own;—his sublime soul would spread over all nature an universal and unalterable voluptuousness.—“Dear Fatmé,” said he, “in the height of bliss we can say—
“We are not the only happy beings; we
“are now in enjoyment; for at this instant
“some one is showering blessings on us;
“we have brought down the hymeneal
“torch on dreary cottages; innocent hearts
“are opened to joy; consoling love has effaced the image of misery; and we ourselves
“shall see their children smile at our approach—My dear Fatmé, their caresses
“will be our most pleasing recompence.”

Those tender and virtuous persons already formed the plan of an useful and beneficent life: their children were to be educated in the holy maxims of wisdom; they were to be taught, above all things, simplicity and goodness of heart, because they are the foundation of all virtues; they intended to imprints

in their flexible and tender minds humanity and commiseration, because a man should have feelings. This charming and respectable couple, giving way to the transports of their hearts, anticipated the joy of seeing their children inherit the generous blood that flowed in their veins. In this happy ecstacy, inspired by love, virtue, and happiness, they fall on their knees before the Supreme Being.—“Great God!” exclaimed they, “give
“us children worthy of thee! Let them be
“humane, that they may walk in the paths
“of thy justice; or if they must err from the
“holy laws we cherish, strike us rather with
“sterility, and do not suffer them to have an
“existence they would disgrace in our eyes
“as well as thine!” Their suppliant arms were entwined, when lo! the ceiling of the room cracked and gave way.—Fatmé fainted, Mirza could have escaped;—but how could he abandon his dear Fatmé? He would carry her off in his arms; the wall totters, falls, crushes, and buries the lovers. The world loses its greatest ornament, and mankind the example of the brightest virtues.

I hid my face to give a free scope to my tears. I wished to be buried under these melancholy ruins with Mirza and Fatmé. Some time motionless, I did not dare look on the table;—I lifted at length my trembling eyes, and read:—“Man's blind understanding fees nothing but the present moment; Providence alone sees into futurity; the
“most sudden death has been the reward of
“Mirza and Fatmé's virtues; they are taken into a state of happiness of which this
“world has no conception, and has saved
“them also from the misery of bringing
“forth an unworthy offspring.

I concluded, I never should hereafter decide on any thing, such a weak atom, so limited an understanding, as not to be able to comprehend my own existence. Looking again on the incomprehensible glass, I had new cause of astonishment. I perceived Agenor, unhappy young man, abandoned to all manner of excess, and the most complete libertine of a dissolute town.—He looked pale, emaciated, and violently disturbed;—he walked with hasty strides to and fro in his chamber, often putting his hand to his forehead in a passion, and, in a low tone of voice, sending forth imprecations. For some short space he seemed irresolute—but soon gave vent to rage: he flew to his desk, drew out a paper, containing a powder, which he put into a cup.—With eyes enflamed, Yes, said he, this poison shall be my last resource; it

will save me from the disgrace that awaits me. The faithless Roxana sacrifices me to the base Dabour; my father will no longer contribute to my pleasures; my creditors daily threaten me with a prison: I will at once be revenged of Roxana, my father, and my creditors.—He lifted the cup to his mouth, and I was unconcerned to see the world rid of a furious debauchee,—when suddenly he stooped.—What, cried he in a hollow suffocating tone, shall I die without being revenged!—Perfidious rival! I will stain the earth with thy blood;—I will sacrifice thee to my resentment, and thy death shall satiate my fury! So saying, he laid down the cup, takes his sword, and goes out. Scarcely had he reached the street, when his father, venerable old man, enters his son's room. Alas! he would have been happy without this son.

—His countenance discovered that poignant anguish that strikes a parental heart.—He came to remonstrate with this ungrateful son on the obligations of honour, duty, and probity.—He hoped to touch his heart and recal him to virtue.—His wrinkles, his silver locks, the tears that bathed his face, all inspired pity and respect.—The sight would have melted the most obdurate heart. This unfortunate old man, fatigued and thirsty, perceived the fatal cup,—drinks, drops down, and expires in the most dreadful convulsions. I ventured to express my surprize to Supreme Justice, and with its invisible hand it wrote the following words on the dreadful table:—

“Agenor's father, by his guilty negligence, was the cause of the loss of his son; it is then but just that Agenor should be the instrument of his distress. — Fathers! know the extent of your duty and tremble! He that tolerates vice commits it.”

Scarcely were these words written than they disappeared, and those replaced;—“Confide in the whole, that you may not err.” I observed instantly in the glass a large island, divided in two parts by a river; the right was a charming plain, covered with beautiful palaces and magnificent gardens;—it was inhabited by men richly dressed; the left a barren desert, full of wretched huts, whose indigent tenants led an obscure and toilsome life. This island might be looked on as a picture of the globe. The right hand side was called the country of Happiness, of singing, dancing, of festivity;—public diversion seemed to be their only business. Voluptuousness sparkled in the eyes of the soft beauties who accompanied them; they suffered themselves faintly to be won towards the solitary shades. Yet I observed, the greatest part of them thought themselves happiest who were taken notice of by the people on the other side. In the most splendid entertainments their gaiety was excessive; but

their hearts being open to me, I could see them devoured by gnawing worms.—They seemed, as it were, at the feast of the gods drinking nectar, and hell was in their breast. Although in the midst of plenty, their desires were far from being satisfied; they had but one mouth to taste their food, and their wild but active imagination ransacked the earth and seas to furnish new dishes to palates vitiated by perpetual cloying. Among all this pretended happiness there were some who quitted suddenly those pleasures to run after a certain *ignis fatuus*, accompanied with the noise of drums and cannon. They returned all over blood, sometimes maimed, and then they would be called heroes. Others made the greatest efforts to get to the top of a feat that was taken up, whilst they could have found a more commodious place a little lower. They tortured themselves in a strange manner.—Sometimes they were ridiculed, and were generally put in the last rank. Nothing discouraged them;—they climbed again, and succeeded, either from address or importunity; then they had scarcely time to sit, being entirely taken up in repelling the ambitious man, who in his turn endeavoured to usurp their place. Further on I saw some hair-brained mortals, who ran here and there without employment or business, scattering pieces of gold most lavishly, and finishing all by setting fire to their palaces, to please for an instant a capricious concubine. Then, as fast as possible, they fled to the desert country of the unhappy. In this miserable abode nothing was heard but plaintive cries; all the inhabitants walked bent under the load of a wen of flesh which hung behind their neck. They gazed on the country of Happiness with an envious and sorrowful eye. What did they gain by those fruitless desires? They made the wen much heavier. If they drew near those fortunate men, they were assailed with the most taunting sarcasms; they vied with each other against the wretched wen-carriers. It was not an easy matter, but it was not absolutely prohibited the inhabitants of the unhappy country to swim across the river and settle in the country of Happiness; but after trying the climate for some time, they generally returned voluntarily, being better satisfied to carry a heavy wen than always struggling against their own conscience. If any complained his wen was heavier than his neighbour's, he was at liberty to make an exchange; but he usually repented, and took again his first load. Those excrescences did not appear to me at first so insupportable as the bearer told me. It seemed to me in general, that if in the country of Happiness they exaggerated their pleasure through vanity, in the country of the unhappy they exaggerated their

their grief through weakness, for the passion of courting pity is very ancient and ever subsists. I observed the awkwardness of these last increased the uneasiness of the load; those who knew how to carry it lightly appeared satisfied and active; custom had made the weight almost imperceptible; but those who did not endeavour to preserve a just equilibrium tottered at every step, and made their exercise much more painful. The inhabitants of the country of the unhappy had another advantage, they trusted themselves implicitly on the river in the greatest storms; their weirs always supported them.—Although tossed about, the roughest weather made no impression on their situation; on the other hand, the inhabitants of the country of Happiness often saw the plains of their charming country spoiled by the inundations of the liquid element, themselves swept away by the current, and not being able to keep above water, sinking with the weight of their rich dresses. I likewise took notice, that in the fortunate country they were less skilful, less industrious, less humane, less charitable, than in the country of Unhappiness.

My inquisitive eye sought some other comparative object, when I observed a lowering gather over the island; thunder roared, dreadful flashes of lightning burst the clouds, and tremendous hail beat on the earth.

Every thing was in a consternation, when suddenly the sea swelled, its impetuous waves touching the skies, besieged the double island, which was soon swallowed up with all its inhabitants. I saw nothing in the glass but a pale and doleful obscurity which covered an immense heap of water, from whence some confused sighs proceeded. At that instant, a supernatural light filled the temple; the odoriferous cloud which ascended from the altar was changed into a fiery column; and the dome of the edifice suddenly disappearing, a luminous throne attracted my view, descending slowly to the majestic grumbling of thunder. Affrighted, I fell before the divinity of this awful place.—A divine arm vouchsafed to raise me, and I saw standing by me the angel who had been my conductor: his voice inspired me with courage; I read those words in flaming letters on the mysterious marble:—"Death makes all men equal; it is eternity assigns to man his true lot. Justice is slow, but immutable; the just man, the good man, is in the place prepared for him, and the wicked in his. Mortals! the balance of an eternal God leans to the abyss of eternity. Then the glass became perfectly clear, and I saw a tall and beautiful woman, clothed in celestial majesty, seated on a half column; in one hand she held a balance, and in the other a flaming sword. Millions of men of all ages,

of all nations, surrounded her. She weighed the virtues and vices, forgave defects the offspring of weakness; patience and resignation were rewarded, and indiscreet murmurs were punished. I saw, with inexpressible joy, the tears of the unhappy dried under her beneficent hand. Those people blessed their past evils, the source of their present happiness; the more they had suffered, the greater was their recompence. They entered the eternal mansions, where the God of Goodness is placed to exercise his clemency; the first, the greatest, the brightest, the most adorable of all his attributes. All those the Eternal had designed to animate with his divine breath, were born to be happy. The spots that the soul is stained with, by the base slime of the body, disappear before the splendour of the true Sun: his brightness absorbs those passing shades. The Creator of this vast universe is a tender father, who collects his children after a long and melancholy pilgrimage, and does not arm his hand against their past faults. Those whose hearts were opened to justice, to soft pity, who had succoured the innocent, relieved the poor, received a double degree of glory. An immortal canticle of praise, sung by the whole race of mankind, announced the reparation of all things.

The term of grief, of fear, of despair, was for ever at an end; the beautiful days of eternity opened; the figure of this world vanished; not a sigh to trouble the celestial harmony of universal felicity. This good God, whose magnificent hand is imprinted on all nature, who has even embellished the place of our exile, embraced in his bosom all his creatures: the father and children were no longer but one family. A thundering voice was then heard:—"Go, weak mortal! confined and audacious spirit! go, learn to adore Providence, even when it would appear to thee unjust. God has pronounced one only decree: it is eternal, it is irrevocable; he saw every thing before he pronounced it. Finite beings! your fancies, your vows, your thoughts, entered into his plan: humble yourselves, live in hope, and do not accuse his work." The temple then seemed to tumble on my head. I awoke, uncertain whether what I had seen was an apparition or a reality. Should I yet be filled with indignation at the prosperity of the wicked? should I still murmur at the unhappiness of the good man? or should I not rather patiently wait until the great curtain spread over the universe shall be drawn by the hand of death? It is that can make us live, by discovering immutable, eternal Truth, which ordained the course of events for his greater glory, and the greatest happiness of man.

FURTHER ANECDOTES of HUNTING.

(Concluded from Vol. X. page 445.)

FALCONRY was scarcely known to the Ancients. Julius Firmicus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Constantine, is the first who makes mention of it. Demetrius of Constantinople, and Albert le Grand, who have written on the subject, employ but a few terms of art, because this diversion was then little known.

The French, who are the most skilful Falconers in Europe, have introduced a great number of terms in this art, which, however, has been much neglected since the introduction of fire-arms in the sports of the field.

Plato calls the Chase a divine amusement, and a school for the military virtues.

One day, as Marshal Turenne and General Wrangel, confiding in the treaties of Munster and Osnabrug, were taking the diversion of Hunting, they were surprized to find that the dragoons fled, whom they had posted at the entrance of the forest, crying out at the same time, that all was lost. It seems that John de Wert, the famous Imperial partizan, had that instant made his appearance with his flying camp. He had passed the Danube at Munich, and being perfectly acquainted with the country, was advancing to the forest by the only avenue that led to it. The two French Generals, in this emergency, did not lose their presence of mind. They were near a morass, which they had only to cross, to be in safety. But where were they to find a ford? There was reason to fear, that while they were looking for one, the active John de Wert, in pursuit of his prey, would not fail to attack them. A stag pointed out their ford; they saw him wind his way through the middle of the morass: they followed him, without hesitation, as a guide, and happily arrived on the other side.

Frothaire, Bishop of Toul, finding his diocese ravaged by wolves, which devoured men, ordered a fast of three days, with solemn processions: he then made war upon the wolves at the head of a party of hunters, and with such success, that he boasted of having killed 200 of them himself.

There was formerly such a number of wolves in France, that a kind of tax was obliged to be raised for the hunting of them. Charles V. in 1377, exempted from this tax the inhabitants of Fontenay, near the wood of Vincennes.

Francis I. was obliged to establish certain officers in every province, called wolf-hunters (*louvettiers*); and over these he appointed a chief, under the title of *le Grand Louvettier*

de France — The Grand Wolf-hunter of France.

An edict of Henry III. in 1583, enjoined all the officers of the waters and forests, to select thrice a year, one man out of every family, in each parish of their respective departments, with weapons and dogs, to hunt the wolves. By these wise precautions, the wolves have been almost extirpated in France; as they have absolutely been in England, through the excellent policy of King Edgar, who imposed a tribute of wolves heads upon the Sovereigns of Wales.

——— Wife, potent, gracious Prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks;
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid

Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
The social troops; and from their large increase

With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.

SOMERVILLE.

Nevertheless, in the commencement of the reign of Lewis XIV. in the depth of winter and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked, near Pontharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jurat, by a multitude of wolves: the dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them; but at last, overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription to commemorate it, which is still to be seen.

This descent of the wolves from the Alps and the Appenines, when "rous'd by wintry famine," is finely described by Thomson, in his *Winter*, line 389 to 423.

The celebrated Saunderson, professor of mathematics at Cambridge, although destitute of sight, continued to hunt to a very advanced period of life; his horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant; and his satisfaction was extreme when he heard the noise of the hounds and huntsmen.

Carloman, King of France, son of Lewis le Begue (the Stammerer) pursuing a wild boar in the forest of Iveline, near Montfort, was wounded by one of his guards, and died seven days after. He had the magnanimity to declare, that he had been wounded by the wild boar, that he might save the innocent author of his death.

William the Conqueror had such a passion for hunting, that he depopulated the country in

in Hampshire for an extent of thirty miles; driving away inhabitants; destroying the villages, houses and plantations; and stocking it with deer. To this desolated spot he gave the name which it still bears—The New Forest—This extensive defolation is described by Pope in his *Windfor Forest* :

————— In ages past
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and severe than they,
 &c.

So severe and so *savage*, indeed, were the forest laws introduced by the Conqueror, that the death of a beast was a capital offence, as well as the death of a man; and among other punishments for offences against these laws were castration, loss of eyes, and cutting off the hands and feet, which continued in force till repealed by that brave and magnanimous Prince Richard Cœur de Lion.

The Emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Savoy, and all Italy, having formed a confederacy against Charles Duke of Mantua, Lewis XIII. of France determined to assist that Prince in person. In passing thro' Chalons-sur Saone, the Duke of Lorraine went to visit him, and knowing his extreme passion for the chase, offered him a numerous and excellent pack of hounds. The King, however, declined the present, with this noble answer: "Cousin, I never hunt but when my affairs permit me: my occupations are of a more serious kind; and I mean to convince all Europe that the interests of my allies are dear to me. When I have effectually assisted the Duke of Mantua, I will resume my amusements, till some other ally has occasion for my assistance."

It being observed to the Duke de Longueville, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting on them, and that he ought not to suffer it, "I had much rather," answered he, "have friends than hares."

The grandfather of the Constable de Lesdiguières having had a difference concerning their respective rights in hunting with the Bishop of Gap, his neighbour, a haughty and irascible prelate, some mutual friends undertook to reconcile them; and engaged them to have an interview at the Castle of Lair. When they met, the Bishop made use of such insulting language, that M. de Lesdiguières, unable to bear it, threw him out of the window. As the window, however, was not very high, the prelate escaped with only some bruises. The Pope, and the

whole order of ecclesiastics interfering in the quarrel, M. de Lesdiguières was obliged to quit France, and was stript of all his effects. The services which he rendered his country during his exile, procured him the liberty of returning, although not for a long time after. But his effects were never restored; and his family was so much impoverished by this circumstance, that his grandson, the Constable, when he first entered into the army, had not above 700 livres (30l. 12s. 6d.) a year.

Charles VI. hunting in the forest of Senlis, took a large stag, which had a collar of gilt leather, with this inscription: *Hoc me Cæsar donavit*. The King, from this circumstance, took two flying stags, as the supporters of the arms of France—a hind was found some time after, with this motto, *Noli me tangere, quia me Cæsaris sum*.

De Thou, the excellent historian of France, relates, that the Marshal de Beaumanoir, hunting one day in a forest of the province of Maine, his attendants brought to him a man whom they had found sleeping in a thicket. On his forehead were two horns, formed and fixed like those of a ram. He had a long red and woolly beard, such as the Satyrs have been represented to have in the fictions of the poets. Being thus deprived of liberty, and carried about from fair to fair, he took it so much to heart, that he died at Paris about three months after. Over his grave was placed the following epitaph:

Dans ce petit endroit à part,
Git un singulier cornard;
Car il l'étoit sans avoir femme:
Passians, priez Dieu pour son ame.

In this small sequester'd place
Of a rare cuckold is the grave:
For such without a wife he was:

Trav'lers, pray God his soul to save.

We have mentioned the severity of the ancient forest laws. In speaking of them, Judge Blackstone has these words: "From a similar principle to which, though the forest laws are now mitigated, and by degrees grown entirely obsolete, yet from this root has sprung a bastard slip, known by the name of the game law, now arrived to and wanting in, its highest vigour; both founded on the same unreasonable notions of permanent property in wild creatures, and productive of the same tyranny to the commons; but with this difference, that the forest laws established only one mighty hunter throughout the land, the game laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor."

FURTHER ANECDOTES relative to Mr. JOHN KYRLL, the MAN of ROSS.

HE kept a public day on the Thursday of every week, and had always twelve persons to dine with him on that day.

The dinner consisted of a furlow of beef, a loin of veal, a leg of mutton, all bought at Ross market, and a plum-pudding. What remained of this he gave away in the afternoon to the poor. His hour of dinner was two o'clock.—Cyder, perry, and ale, were the only liquors drank at his table. His Sunday dinner consisted of a rump of beef; the remains of which were given away to the poor.

His household establishment consisted of two maids, a boy, and an upper-servant. He was skilled in architecture; and once, on a visit to see some building near Benson in Oxfordshire, was taken up as a highwayman, and carried before a justice, to whom he said, "he was the Man of Ross." This, however, did not avail him completely; for three persons of consequence in his neighbourhood went in their coaches and six to bail him.

He raised the spire of Ross upwards of one hundred feet. He made a causeway on the Monmouth road, for the use of foot-passengers.—He inclosed within a stone wall, ornamented with two elegant entrances, a space of ground of near half an acre, in the centre of which he sunk a basin as a reservoir for water, for the use of the inhabitants of Ross. Over one of the door-cases of the entrance,

there are still remaining his coat of arms, cut out in stone.—He tried to send many old and infirm poor persons of Ross into the woods and fields, to pick up self-sown oaks, ashes, &c. to embellish the hedge-rows of his walks and estate.

He had an *elder* brother, I believe, who was not reckoned very wise, and to whom he inherited.

After his death, which happened at the age of 90, in 1724, his body lay in state in his best parlour for six weeks.

The estate is now divided into parcels, belonging to several persons. One of them, however, belongs to a female collateral descendant. She is at present unmarried, and we hope when she changes her situation, and becomes a mother, she will give the name of Kyrll to be prefixed to the surname of her first son or daughter.

Mr. Ball, the owner of the King's Arms at Ross, the house Mr. Kyrll lived in, has got an original painting of him. It represents him as a man of sixty years old, fair in complexion, and grave in aspect*.—There is now living at Ross, a female descendant of his, who, from a proper regard to the memory of her illustrious ancestor, is now repairing and embellishing a favourite seat of his, known by the name of "Kyrll's Seat."

Your's, &c.

VIATOR.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY 27, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, a new Farce called THE MAN MILLINER, in which the characters are as follows:

<i>Monsieur Coeffeuse,</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Mr. Pagot,</i>	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Mr. Dobbin,</i>	Mr. Quick.
<i>Frank Dobbin,</i>	Mr. Davies.
<i>Sir Harry Fangle,</i>	Mr. Brown.
<i>Bob Dobbin,</i>	Mr. Edwin.
<i>Mrs. Coeffeuse,</i>	Mrs. Webb.
<i>Lady Dolphin,</i>	Mrs. Bates.
<i>Chain Stitch,</i>	Miss Platt.
<i>Polly Gunnel.</i>	Mrs. Brown.

This Farce is the production of Mr. O'Keeffe, who has often made the public merry both winter and summer, but not

always with equal success. In the piece before us the idea is infinitely better than the execution. Surely, in days like the present, when the dress, the diversions, the manners, the exercises, and the occupations of the sexes, are so confounded, that it is almost difficult to distinguish male from female, every lover of propriety, and especially every admirer of the fair, must join hand and heart with the author who holds up the prevailing folly to ridicule and contempt, and thereby contributes his share towards correcting it, and reducing the chaos to order. Who that is not interested in the continuance of this glaring error of the times, but must have withstood O'Keeffe's success? We are ready to confess ourselves to have been among the foremost, who anxiously hoped, that

* From this painting was copied an engraving of the Man of Ross, given in our Magazine for Sept. 1786, which we are authorized to say, was really taken from the original picture, notwithstanding the doubt of its authenticity expressed in a late publication.

the Farce would have been found as finished, and as perfect in point of plot, character, conduct, situation, and satire, as the title of it was promising. Unfortunately the MAN MILLINER did not answer our expectations. Whether the author was too much of a man, to be familiar with his subject, or whether he felt himself awkward and embarrassed in writing scenes that could not but provoke the opposition of that numerous description of beings, the HE-SHE shopkeepers of the metropolis, we know not; truth, however, obliges us to say, that as a dramatic composition, the MAN MILLINER is more than ordinarily deficient in the essential requisites.

The principal humour of the piece arises from Frank Dobbin's coming to town with his nephew Bob, the son of Mr. Dobbin, a country apothecary, to put him apprentice to a surgeon; but losing part of the apprentice fee in gambling, he is persuaded by Monf. Coeffeuse and his wife to make him a Man Milliner, and they accordingly take him apprentice: many ludicrous observations, rather too broad even for farce, are made in the course of the piece, and especially when Bob's father arrives in town, about the difference between surgeons and physicians of former and modern times, and some of a sort too indelicate for the Theatre.

In the piece before us, there was a barrenness of incident, and a poverty of humour, even to a poverty of pun, in the dialogue. The first act was almost a dramatic blank, and though the second was less sterile in both points, it was not rich enough to entitle the piece to general applause and support.

The performers exerted themselves greatly to support the piece, which through the first act was heard with much attention. Some offensive passages soon afterwards occurring, the audience were disgusted, and prevented its being either concluded, or given out for a second time.

The following

P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. COLMAN,
Was spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Enter hastily, Mrs MATTOCKS, with a band-box.

FORGIVE me, Sirs, that I come in thus bounce!

You know me, Ladies,—your old friend *La Flounce*:

Sov'reign of Fancy, Regent of the mode,
To all your wants and wishes *tout comode*;

For artificial sprigs a Winter Flora,
With *rouge*, that gives the blushes of Aurora;
A Woman Milliner!—for sure no Man
Would be a Milliner, or ever *can*.
Horse Milliner, indeed, a man's true trade is;
But, saucy Grooms, such trappings suit not
Ladies.

Yet Men assail our persons several ways,
They make our mantuas, and they make our
stays;

And tho' to *curry-combs* we scorn to truckle,
They friz toupees, and give the locks their
buckle.

Hence strange reverses rise: and we're betray'd,

By turns, their neighbour province to invade;
Husbands the distaff take, wives seize the
club,

At home their patient Hercules to drub:
While *Sir* appears so feminine and trim,
And *Madam* looks so masculine and grim,
You scarce know *him* from *her*, or *her* from
him.

In changes thus if humbler ranks should
strive,

Maid-servants soon will mount the box, and
drive;

Or else, to reason and decorum blind,
Seizing a place unfit for woman-kind,
With flambeaux in their hands, jump up
behind.

While Footmen, women grown, as now
grown fops,
Shall darn old hose, sweep rooms, and
trundle mops.

Ladies and Gentlemen, 'tis yours to-night
To end disputes, and set the Sexes right;
To check the inroads of the Tyrant Man,
And keep within due bounds the Woman's
plan.

Let me then, as a female envoy, greet ye,
And here negotiate a Commercial Treaty!
Forbid the men, by some restraining clause,
To deal in ribbons, muslin, blond, and
gauze;

Bid women too resign the barber's trade,
And cease to shave the Guards on the Parade!
Equal to male and female shew compassion,
Assert *what's right*, and *laugh* it into fashion.

February 7. A young lady, whose name is Pollard, appeared for the first time at Drury Lane, in the character of Monimia in *The Orphan*. Of a first appearance it would be uncandid to form a decisive opinion. The lady has many requisites for the stage: but the opinion which seemed to be generally entertained of the performance was barely favourable.

10. *SUCH THINGS ARE*, a play by Mrs. Inchbald, was acted for the first time at Covent-garden Theatre. The characters are as follow:

Halswell,	Mr. Pope
Sir Luke Tremor,	Mr. Quick
	Sultan,

Sultan,	Mr. Farren
Lord Flint,	Mr. Davies
Meanright,	Mr. Macready
Elvurus Casimer,	Mr. Holman
And Twineall,	Mr. Lewis.
Lady Tremor,	Mrs. Mattocks
Aurelia,	Miss Wilkinson
And Arabella,	Mrs. Pope.

The fable of this very novel production is as follows:—The scene is laid at an English settlement in an Island situate in the East Indies, where Sir Luke Tremor and his Lady are first introduced, quarrelling about their respective ages. The latter appears to be the niece of a peruke-maker, exported to India with no other recommendation than a character, which her husband says, if called upon, he would not now be able to return.—In their visitants, the principal characters of the drama are gradually developed. The first is Lord Flint, who evinces his consequence by a perpetual mention of the Sultan of the Island, and an absolute want of recollection as to every other circumstance. The Hon. Mr. Twineall is there introduced, who, as the elder branches of the family have monopolized the profession of flattery, and as courtiers are the same in every clime, wishes to try his talents to obtain a place in the settlement. Mr. Halfwell is the next visitant, a gentleman who has visited the Island from motives of the purest benevolence, and who, by freeing the district from a pestilence, has wrought himself into the highest favour with the Sultan. Whilst Mr. Halfwell is disclaiming his views in visiting the prisons, and redeeming the wretched, Twineall is consulting his friend Meanright, who is about to depart for England, concerning the disposition of those with whom he is to ingratiate himself. Meanright detesting his meanness, resolves to punish him, and tells him that Lord Flint is absolutely disaffected to the Sultan; that Sir Luke Tremor prides himself on nothing but his bravery; and that Lady Tremor is enamoured of her genealogy, being descended from Malcolm, one of the kings of Scotland, and whose venerable wig he had kept even to the present time in precious custody.

Halfwell is in the mean time employed either in his benevolent tour amongst the prisoners, to discover, as he is empowered to deliver *fix*, who are the most worthy of their freedom. A prisoner, on his first entrance, steals part of the property about him, but, on receiving a gratuity from

Halfwell, who is ignorant of the theft, in a burst of remorse and penitence he returns the spoil. A son pining for the misery of his father, and offering himself a prisoner in exchange; and Arabella, a female prisoner, who has been confined for fourteen years, are the other principal objects of the groupe. Fraught with the melancholy report, Halfwell returns to the Sultan, who, struck with the worth of his character, unfolds his situation, and proves to be a Christian, and an European, whose accidental resemblance of the leader of the revolution was the cause of his present dignity, and whose evident anguish arises from the loss of a beloved wife, separated from him at that period. This wife, on farther enquiry, Halfwell finds to be—the very Arabella who had been for so many years kept in custody under his authority. Halfwell of course reunites them, after reading a sublime lesson on the want of pity which had sundered them, and is rewarded with the Sultan's signet, which enables him to gratify his philanthropy, by giving freedom to as many as he pleases.

Twineall is busied in this interval in endeavouring to *ingratiate* himself with the other characters. Lady Tremor he disgusts, by talking of her genealogy, and throws her into hysterics, by asking to see the venerable *wig*, which she deems a reflection on her parentage. He frightens Sir Luke Tremor out of his room, by talking of “the pomp and circumstance of war;” and, finally, gets himself confined as a prisoner of state, by intimating his disaffection to the present Sultan to Lord Flint. After undergoing a ludicrous humiliation, he is delivered by the humanity of Halfwell, who also gratifies his feelings by making happy Elvurus, the filial attendant of his father, whom he had seen in prison, and Aurelia, a dependant of the family of Sir Luke, whose loves form a kind of underplot in the piece.

The Prologue, from the pen of Vaughan, was in truth but *mediocre*; it merely pleaded for the authoress as a woman, and on the score of her former productions. The Epilogue described a Welch Knight, a milliner from Petty France, and some other characters, with a sprinkling of pleasantry, and was, it is almost superfluous to say, very happily delivered by Mrs. Mattocks.

15. Mrs. Jordan performed the character of Roxalana in the Sultan, for the first time at Drury Lane. This insignificant piece has been upheld hitherto merely

by the excellence of Mrs. Abingdon's performance; and we imagined would sink into oblivion when it lost her assistance. Mrs. Jordan, however, rendered it a pleasing representation, and may probably keep the piece alive a few years longer.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq.

At his private THEATRE at DOVER, to a numerous Audience, on the Representation of the Tragedy of ZARA, Dec. 14, 1786.

Written by W. GILLUM, Esq.

PROLOGUES to please each various taste should hit,
Should strike at once the lordling and the cit.
'Tis satire's task to root the sprouting weeds
Which rise so thick, and choak distinction's seeds;

For honours now descend on high and low,
In general bounty like a fall of snow.
The busy barber courts the public stare,
And finds his title fits him to a hair.
Sir Plumb the grocer with his knighthood big,
For his neglected shop cares not a fig.

What tho' the butcher can't obtain the prize,
Yet in his mind sublimer prospects rise.
Ev'n now in thought he quits his greasy stand,
And shines a Baronet with a bloody band.

Well may neglected Merit wave her claim,
When each ambitious blockhead seeks a name.
The Northern Hero! Ev'n that title dwindles,
If given to Prussia and to him that swindles:

He that to Glory's loftiest heights did soar,
Frederick is dead; but is his fame no more?
Long shall it flourish in each gallant breast,
There shall his great example be imprest.

But other conquests now attract our arms,
Laurels may tempt, but partridges have charms.
With joy the sportman's valiant deeds we trace,
His trophies rising in each slaughter'd brace;

Then like the cannibal the foe he'll treat,
Proving he *only vanquishes to eat*.
The conqu'ring fair, altho' no blood she spill,
Is by dame Nature qualified to kill;

Untax'd on every manor she may shoot,
And who shall dare her license to dispute?
The wit, the beau, the pedant, and the sot,
Nay even *sportsmen* feel the unerring shot;

Secure the ranges, unrestrain'd by fear,
Gauze guards the front, and cork protects the rear.

Pale Prudery with envy bites her lip,
To view her rival in her world of hip;
And while disdain is pictured in her face,
Contracts her virtues in a smaller space.

Now for ourselves, whom warmest hopes enflame,

Each breast with ardour seeks the road to fame,
Where should some critic robber dare approach,
(Altho' no *blunderbuss* protects our coach)
If from your candour we are not debar'd,
This little *stage* can never want a guard.

VOL. XI.

Into your hands the reins are safely thrown,
And ev'n the whip of censure is your own;
Gently apply the lash to each young steed,
And do not cut us till you make us bleed.

E P I L O G U E to Z A R A,

Written by Mr. GILLUM,

AND

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR.

SPEAK frankly, ladies, would you have a lover

Such killing proofs of his regard discover?
The fire of Osman was at first quite charming,
At last I fear you thought it too alarming.

I saw you shudder at the jealous Turk,
When you beheld Suspicion's bloody work.
Wretched indeed must be each fair-one's fate,
Where certain death attends a *tete a tete*;

But British husbands are not quite so furious,
Tho' apt at times to be a little curious.
Yet in high life the *Benedicks* of fashion,
Like true philosophers, despise all passion.

My lord contented sees the plot go on,
And heals his wounded honour with *erim. con.*
Tho' oftentimes so high's the amorous fuel,
It ends most horrid in a modern duel;

Pisols are charged, the HEROES take their stands,
They make *apologies*, and then *shake hands*;
While newspapers disperse the story round,
How *very cool* they were upon the ground.

On this foundation future fame is built,
And not a drop of *noble blood* is spilt.
Now for poor Zara; *she* was too fantastic,
Her notions were at best enthusiastic.

Should such *weak* scruples be to love a bar?
Alas! she felt she carried her's too far.
Sir Flimsy says, "I hate such devotees,
Whose pious orgies only make one freeze;

Give me the fair whom *nothing* can restrain,
Who looks on all but me with just disdain;
If I'm indifferent, yet can love the more;
And if I'm fickle, she must still adore;

Nay ev'n her great affection to express,
Flatters my wit, my elegance, and dress;
Defends my neckcloth 'gainst each idle prater,
Who swears I've stole a *napkin* from a waiter;

Will ev'n the use of my clipp'd skirts unfold,
Which like trimmed game cocks make me look more bold:

While in return I generously stoop
To paint the beauties of her *bouncing hoop*;
Till quite transported with my fond caressing,
She gracefully bestows the Bishop's blessing.

Fashion's a farce, by men of sense confest;
Fools deck the *outside*, while the *mind's* undrest.
Wisdom, unable to suppress her rage,
With scorn beholds these strutters on the stage,

The *stage of life*, where each must play their part;

They act the best who scorn the rules of Art.
Here may her frigid systems never spread,
Thy path, O Nature, 'tis our wish to tread;

While *this* indulgence we presume to claim,
That *one false step* may never damn our fame.

R

AA

An ACCOUNT of a MOSQUE at RAJEHAMEL, in BENGAL.

(With an ENGRAVING of it.)

FROM the taste and style of this building, it is probable it was raised by that liberal patronizer of art, and of architecture in particular, *Sultan Sujah*, the third son of the Emperor *Shah Faban*, and brother to the Emperor *Aurenzeeb*; it being in the same style of magnificence with the palace built by Sultan Sujah at *Rajemabel*, having the same ornaments and being on the same scale with those buildings, and bearing the marks of the same antiquity.

To the English in particular this building becomes of considerable historical value; for on the night succeeding the battle of Auda Nulla, the whole of the British part of the army, after the pursuit of the enemy's forces, lodged in this building; and as this victory gave the English the complete possession of the kingdom of Bengal, it may not be unentertaining to our readers, if we present them with part of a letter from Major Thomas Adams, the commanding officer, dated at the Camp before Mongheer, the 5th of Oct. 1763.

"The enemy retired to Auda Nulla, a post which they had been fortifying for some time, and remarkably strong by nature, having in front a very considerable swamp, and protected on one flank by the mountains, and on the other by the river. Here they threw up a work, and mounted upwards of 100 pieces of cannon, having a very deep ditch in front, 54 feet broad, and full of water, except towards the hills. We had no other method of carrying on approaches towards it, but on the bank of the river, on account of the swamp. The breadth of the dry ground did not exceed 200 yards. On the 21st of August, I encamped within 3000 yards of the enemy's works, and began to throw up an entrenchment to protect the camp from any attempts of the enemy's cavalry, that my attention might not be taken off the siege. On the 24th at night, I advanced an approach under the bank of the river, and erected a redoubt for the protection of the trenches, within 1200 yards of the enemy's works; into which I ordered 120 Europeans, 300 Seapoys, and three pieces of cannon. On the 25th at noon, the enemy marched out a considerable body of Seapoys to attack it, who were permitted to advance within 100 yards, when they received such a warm fire as to oblige them to retreat, leaving about 100 killed and wounded on the spot. On the 27th our approaches were carried on 450 yards farther, and a redoubt similar to the former was finished; but I could not get the grand battery completed before the 3d of September, on account of the difficulty of getting materials, and the badness of the weather. This battery I opened in the morning with four 18 pounders, four howitzers, and one royal, at about 500 yards distance;

at which time the enemy marched out to attack our encampment in front and rear, but were easily repulsed. On the 4th finding that our fire had no great effect on the enemy's mud work, and that there was no possibility of carrying it by the river, but by advancing our approaches and filling the ditch; and that the enemy's principal attention was taken up with our present attack, thinking that part of their works towards the hills quite secure by the large lake and swamp in front, I determined to attack that part in the morning, and accordingly ordered the two companies of European grenadiers, a company of French volunteers, and 500 grenadier Seapoys to march at three in the morning, commanded by Capt. Irwin, of his Majesty's 84th regiment, to whose prudence and perseverance the success of the attempt is principally owing. They were supported by 1000 Seapoys and two pieces of cannon, and the whole line to follow and support them. This was accordingly put into execution in the morning, and we got possession of their whole works, with a great deal of fatigue, but little loss in proportion to the importance of the enterprize. The numbers of the enemy that were slain, is incredible; and the numbers drowned far exceeded the slain. About 1400 or 1500 horse were made prisoners, whom, after taking their horses and arms from them, I sent about their business; the first instance of the kind ever known in this country. Their consternation and terror is inconceivable. The roads, particularly at every piece of water, are strewed with dead carcases; and they have never attempted to make any stand, till we arrived here yesterday; though many places are fortified by nature, and require very little artificial assistance to render them impregnable; particularly the pass of Tiriagully, where they had mounted 13 pieces of cannon, all which they abandoned on the approach of our advanced guard."

After this victory, *Coslim Ali Cawn* retreated to *Patna*, where on the 5th and 6th of October, he caused *Mr. Ellis*, *Mr. Hay*, *Mr. Lushington* (who had escaped from the *Black-hole* in 1758) and others, to the number of 150, to be massacred; one gentleman only, *Mr. Fullarton*, a surgeon, being suffered to escape. We shall on this occasion insert the following letter, sent us by a correspondent, written on the 6th October from *Dr. Anderson* to his friend *Dr. Davidson*, which is very justly observed to display a fortitude and composure (under so dismal a prospect) which would do honour to the greatest names ancient or modern.

"DEAR DAVIDSON,

"Since my last, his Excellency has been completely defeated, and in consequence



Hodges Pinx.

A view of a Mosque at Rajmahal.

Published by J. Sewell Cornhill 1787.

Morris Sculp.

obliged to retreat to Jaffier Cawn's gardens yesterday, and purposes coming into the city this day. Sumroo with the Seapoys arrived here last night, and I suppose to effect his wicked designs; for last night Mr. Ellis, and 48 gentlemen with him, were massacred, and as about an equal number of soldiers and us yet remain, I expect my fate this night.

"Dear Davidson, this is no surprize to me, for I expected it all along; I must therefore, as a dying man, request of you to collect and remit my estate home as soon as possible; and write a comforting letter to my father and mother. Let them know I dye bravely, as a christian ought; for I fear not him who can kill the body and no more, but I rejoice in the hopes of a future existence, through the merits of my Saviour. Dear Davidson,

do not be too anxious about a fortune, let me-diocrity satisfy you, and go home and comfort your friends and mine. Endeavour to recover Mr. Ellis's money, if possible; but I believe, the 14000 rupees in Mr. Hanwick's hands are safe, which will be a help to my poor friends. You may give Nicholas 200 rupees. If you can provide for him do it; he is a good boy. Now, dear friend, I take my leave of you, hoping that friendship will still subsist; for why may not friendship subsist in a future state? Friendship founded on virtue must subsist for ever. Fare you well, and may God give you satisfaction in life, and joy in death.

Your's affectionately,
WILLIAM ANDERSON."

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the FOURTH SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JANUARY 24.

AT two o'clock the Lord Chancellor took his seat upon the woollack, and after prayers were read, the Lords with white staves reported that his Majesty had signified his gracious intention to receive the humble Address of the House, at St. James's, this day at three o'clock. Ordered that this House do wait accordingly on his Majesty with the said Address.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury moved, that the Lord Bishop of Oxford be desired to preach the anniversary sermon at Westminster Abbey, on the martyrdom of King Charles, on Tuesday next, the 30th of January.

At half after two the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord St. John, Lord Dacre, Lord Hopetoun, attended by Sir Francis Molineux and Mr. Cowper, went to St. James's, where they were met by a number of Peers, and their Address, in answer to his Majesty's speech, was presented*.

JAN. 31.

The Marquis of Carmarthen informed their Lordships, that he had orders from his Majesty to lay before the House a copy of the Commercial Treaty with France, and a copy of the Convention with Spain, which he presented accordingly, and then moved, that they lie on the table for the perusal of their Lordships.

FEB. 5.

The Marquis of Carmarthen laid before the House, by direction of his Majesty, a

* The Addresses of both Houses began with congratulations on the happy preservation of his Majesty's life from the hand of assassination, and condolence on the melancholy loss his Majesty had sustained by the death of that most excellent Princess, Amelia, his Majesty's aunt. They then take up, as usual, echoes of the Speech.

copy of the Convention entered into between his Majesty and his Most Christian Majesty. Ordered to lie upon the table. The Marquis then moved, That an account of all woollen goods exported to France from the 5th of January, 1714, to the 5th of January, 1787, distinguishing the quantities and qualities, be laid before the House. Ordered.—That an account of all other goods of British manufacture exported to France, during the same period, be laid before the House. Ordered.—That an account of all goods of foreign produce exported from England to France during the same period, be laid before the House. Ordered.

FEB. 9.

The House having resolved into a Committee, Lord Scarisdale in the chair, the several clauses of the Lottery Bill were read.

Lord Stormont objected to the principles of the bill, particularly to the clause which admits the insurance of whole tickets to be legal.

The Lord Chancellor moved, as an amendment, "That the ticket or tickets insured agreeably to the act, shall be deposited in an office appointed by the Commissioners of the Lottery; that there shall not be more than one insurance on a single ticket; and that the insurance shall be against a blank.

After a variety of arguments, the Committee divided on the Lord Chancellor's amendment, Contents 33; Non-Contents, 7. The report was then ordered to be made, and the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JAN. 24.

PETITIONS from Wolverhampton, relating to counterfeit copper coin, and from the debtors confined in Dorchester gaol, praying relief, were presented, and ordered to lie on the table. Also a petition from the retail traders of Dorchester against the shop-tax.

New writs were moved for electing members to serve in Parliament in the room of Mr. Fitzroy, who has accepted of the Chiltern Hundreds, Sir Edward Deering, Lord Mornington, and John Townson, Esq.

JAN. 25.

The Speaker at three, attended by Lord Compton and Mr. Montagu, the mover and seconder of the address, went to St. James's, where they presented their address to his Majesty, to which he returned the following answer.

"I thank you for this very loyal and dutiful address.

"The warm expressions of your affectionate attachment to my person, and the assurances of your intention to apply with diligence to those interesting objects which I have recommended to your consideration, afford me peculiar satisfaction."

JAN. 27.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presented a copy of the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce with his Most Christian Majesty, and also a copy of the Convention

concluded between Great Britain and the Most Christian King, which were ordered to lie on the table *.

JAN. 29.

Mr. Gilbert, after reminding the House of the act passed last session, which ordered all churchwardens, overseers, and all parish officers, to prepare and bring in accurate accounts of all estates belonging to, and bequests left to the different charities in their several districts, moved for a committee to be appointed to examine into the validity of those papers which are now so delivered in, and report the same to the House.

FEB. 1.

A motion was made for leave to bring in a bill "for amending and rendering more effectual the laws now in force for suppressing unlawful lotteries, and for regulating the sale of lottery tickets."—The same was upon the question ordered.

The Sheriffs of London presented a petition, praying a repeal of the shop-tax.

A Petition from the prisoners confined in Chester gaol was presented, read, and ordered to lie on the table.

The House resolved itself into a committee on the charges against Mr. Hastings, and Mr. St. Andrew St. John having taken his seat as chairman, Nathaniel Middleton, Esq. was called in, and underwent an examination of two hours continuance by Mr. Sheridan, touching his knowledge of Mr. Hastings's

* The following are the principal articles of the Convention of the 15th of January.

Cabinet ware and turnery, as also musical instruments, to pay ten per cent. ad valorem.

Articles made of iron or steel, pure, or mixed with other substances, not exceeding in value 50s. per quintal, to pay five per cent. All other articles of hardware and cutlery, and all other works of iron, steel, copper, or brass, pure, or mixed, to pay ten per cent.

The above articles not to be admitted from any other nation at a lower duty, than from the dominions of the contracting powers.

These regulations not to extend to iron, steel, copper, or brass, in the state of the raw material.

A declaration of the value of goods to be given in writing.—If the officers of the customs shall not be satisfied with such valuation, they are allowed (with the consent of the principal officer of the customs) to take such goods, according to such declared value, allowing the merchant an overplus of ten per cent.

Merchandizes admitted by this Treaty, to be of the growth, produce, or manufacture, of the dominions of the two sovereigns in Europe.

Effects omitted in the declaration to be confiscated, unless satisfactory proof be given that there was no intention to defraud.

Calicoes manufactured in either country, for exportation to the other, shall have a mark at each end, woven in the piece; of which mark, nine months notice shall be given to the manufacturers; and until such regulation take place, calicoes to be accompanied by a certificate from the officers of the customs, that they were fabricated in the country from whence they are exported.

Breadth of cambricks not to exceed 7-8ths of a yard; and of lawns, one yard and a quarter.

Subjects of England to have a right to prosecute their debtors in France, provided the same privilege is allowed in England to the subjects of France.

Treaties to be ratified in one month.

conduct

conduct towards the Begums of Oude; after which Mr. Dundas rose to put a few questions to the witness, in order to obtain an explanation of certain sentences of a letter written by Mr. Middleton, from Benares, to Mr. Hastings on the 26th of December, 1781: but Mr. Middleton in the course of his answers declaring, that if he had an opportunity of referring to his correspondence to refresh his memory, he should be able to answer with greater certainty, he was ordered to withdraw.

An order was then moved, "That Nathaniel Middleton, Esq. and Sir Elijah Impey, do attend the House to-morrow, and bring with them the correspondence of them, or either of them, with Warren Hastings, Esq. Major Palmer, Major Davy, or either of them."

Major Scott moved, "That the Directors of the East India Company do lay before this House a copy of a letter from John Bristow, Esq. to the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, dated January 22, 1777."

FEB. 2.

The House in a Committee of Supply,

Mr. Brett moved, that 18,000 seamen be voted for the navy, for the service of the year 1787; that 3,860 marines be voted for the like service; and that 4l. per month per man for 13 months, be voted to his Majesty to defray the charge, which were all agreed to.

Mr. Pitt said, That as on Tuesday next he would move that the Commercial Treaty should be taken into consideration, he thought it necessary to give notice at present, that Monday se'nnight was the day he intended to appoint for that purpose.

Lord George Cavendish was of opinion, that there ought to be a call of the House, as it must be allowed, on all hands, that the business about to be agitated, was of the greatest importance to the nation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was of a different opinion, and apprehended that it would be affording a cause of jealousy and alarm, where no such thing ought to be suspected, especially as the whole business had been transacted in a cordial and friendly manner. If the noble Lord, or any of his friends, attempted either now or hereafter to move for the call of the House, he declared that he would oppose such a measure.

Mr. Fox saw the drift of the Right Hon. Gentleman's arguments. There were, he believed, persons who had speculated on the faith of the Treaty; but he imagined that could not be urged as a reason for a precipitate decision of Parliament. Those who had a propensity for speculations ought to be left to their own visionary ideas. What clemency or feeling ought Parliament to shew such men?

The national interest at large should be preferred to the interest of individuals.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had no idea of precluding any information which could be afforded; but he must again declare that he was an enemy to unnecessary delay: and that as many merchants and manufacturers were anxiously waiting the result of a Parliamentary decision, the interest of the commercial part of the community certainly deserved the greatest attention. He recommended to the Right Hon. Gentleman more moderation; for at present, he acted like a military man, and wished to convince his auditors by a *coup de main*.

Lord George Cavendish persisted in his idea of a call. He said that he would not be advised on the occasion, either by the Right Hon. Gentleman, or by his Right Hon. Friend, as he was persuaded of the rectitude of his intentions. At certain times some gentlemen attempted to dictate to the House, as if there were no other arbiters of the nation than the two Right Hon. Gentlemen; but, however great his respect might be for them, he was not ashamed to affirm, that he would be governed by a sense of his duty more than by his respect for either of them. Here

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was about to interrupt the Noble Lord, on which

Lord George Cavendish passionately observed, that he had a right as an Englishman, and a representative of the people, to deliver his opinion with freedom, and would not brook any interruption. He hoped the House would recollect, "That he was an old Member of Parliament, and that he had sat in the House long before the marriage of the Right Hon. Gentleman's mother." [*Here a loud laugh.*]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, that what he meant by unfortunately interrupting the noble Lord, was to save the House some trouble, as he was sorry that his Lordship was proceeding upon a misstatement and misapprehension of his ideas.

Lord George Cavendish replied, that it struck him as if the Right Hon. Gentleman's language tended to his conception of the business.

Mr. Burke having descanted upon the business, the proposition for the call of the House was then dropt.

Mr. Ellis rose to move, "That a general account of the imports and exports of Great Britain, from the end of the year 1783, to the end of 1785, should be laid before the House;" and "That the Accounts of the imports and exports from the year 1775 to 1783, which lay before the House, should be printed for the use of the members;"

which,

which, after a debate, were carried *nem. con.*

The order of the day being read, Mr. Middleton was ordered to the bar, and asked whether he had brought all the papers in his possession, that related to the transaction at Oude; to which he replied, that he had looked over all his papers, but could find no other correspondence respecting the Begums, than those which he had already laid before the House. On being questioned concerning the purport of his correspondence with Sir Elijah Impey, and whether it was verbal or by letter, he said it consisted of both, but that none of the letters were to be found.

Mr. Scott desired the witness would inform the Committee, whether the measure of seizing the treasure of the Begums originated with Mr. Hastings or the Nabob. He said that it originated in consequence of a requisition to that effect from the Nabob to the Governor-General. Here Mr. Middleton was ordered to withdraw, on a motion of Mr. Dundas, who wished that Sir Elijah Impey might be called in and examined on the subject of the letter produced the preceding evening. This occasioned some altercation on both sides the House, and at length it was determined to close the examination of Mr. Middleton first; which being ended,

Sir Elijah Impey was brought to the bar, and asked whether he had the papers with him which he was ordered to produce. He said, that the order he received was to attend that House with such letters or copies of letters as respected his correspondence with the Governor-General, Mr. Middleton, Major Davy, and Major Palmer.—The two former gentlemen he acknowledged to have corresponded with, but never had any kind of communication with the two latter. He only received the order to attend on Monday night at nine, and did not go to rest till three the next morning; and, after so long a search, he had been only able to produce copies of two letters from himself to Mr. Middleton on the subject of the Begums, and they were so unintelligible, that he scarce knew whether he should be able to read them himself; indeed some parts of them which appeared to be expunged, he believed had not been written in the original letters, but could not absolutely take upon him to say whether they were or not. Sir Elijah was, however, desired to read the contents of them as well as he could; after which he was directed to withdraw, and a motion was made, that he should be ordered to make a fair copy of the same to lay before the Committee, leaving out such parts as appeared to be expunged, and which he was assured had not appeared in the original letters.

Mr. Pitt rose to observe, that as the examination was likely to be of a very considerable length, and the letters ordered, with other necessary papers and information, could not be laid before the Committee that day, he would suggest the expediency of moving Wednesday next for receiving the said papers, and that he would on Monday next move the House to take into consideration the Commercial Treaty on that day se'nnight. Sir Elijah Impey being again called in, underwent a very strict examination by Mr. Sheridan, when the House adjourned.

FEB. 5.

The House went into a Committee on the bill for better preventing the illegal Practice of Insuring, uttering Policies, &c. in the present or any future Lottery. There seemed to be but one opinion in the Committee; and that was, that the practice which it was the object of the bill to suppress, had risen to such a height, that the legislature ought to interpose its authority: but there was a difference of opinion with respect to one clause, which some contended to be essentially necessary, while others maintained that it would foster the evil it was intended to destroy.—The purport of this clause was to allow the holder or proprietor of a real lottery ticket to insure the same, but no other.

Mr. Alderman Newnham thought, that by means of this clause, the illegality of insuring in general might be completely evaded.

Mr. Rose replied, that the great evil arising from insurance was, that the poorer classes of the people pursued, to their own undoing, visionary plans for enriching themselves by insuring. The bill guarded against this, by making it illegal for any one to insure, who was not *bona fide* possessed of a whole ticket.

After some further debate, Mr. Gilbert put the question, when the Committee divided, and there appeared

For the clause	—	115
Against it	—	78
Majority	—	37

The bill was then carried through the Committee, without any further opposition.

Mr. Pitt moved, without any preface, that the House resolve itself on Monday next into a Committee, to take into consideration that part of his Majesty's speech which relates to the Treaty of Commerce with France.

Lord Mulgrave seconded the motion; but

Lord George Cavendish moved, by way of amendment, that Monday fortnight be substituted in its stead.—This brought on a debate, in which

Mr. Fox charged the Minister with precipitation in calling upon the House so suddenly to decide upon a business of such magnitude.

itude as the Commercial Treaty. He thought a short delay, at least, and a call of the House, highly necessary on so momentous an occasion.

Mr. Pitt replied, that the charge of precipitation was ill-founded; neither Parliament nor the nation could be said to be taken by surprize, when called upon to consider on Monday next a Treaty which had been already four months before the public, therefore they could have no occasion for any delay or a call of the House.

After some further debate, the House divided on Lord George Cayendish's amendment, when there appeared

Ayes	—	89
Noes	—	213

Majority against the amendment — 124

Mr. Pitt's motion was put, and carried without a division.

Sir Francis Basset then observed, that as some good might still be derived from a call of the House, he would move it for that day fortnight.

Mr. Pitt said that he had no objection, as it could not occasion any delay to the discussion.

Upon the question however being put, the motion was negatived — Adjourned.

FEBRUARY 7.

The order of the day, for the third reading of the lottery bill having been moved for, a conversation took place on the same clause which had produced a debate in the Committee; namely, the clause which allows the proprietor of a ticket to insure the same. — At length the House divided on a motion made by Mr. Fox, for expunging the objectionable clause, when there appeared,

For the motion	—	97
Against it	—	126

Majority in favour of the clause — 29

The bill was then read, passed, and sent up to the Lords.

Mr. Sheridan, in one of the most able speeches, and certainly the longest ever delivered in Parliament, (for he was six hours wanting 20 minutes on his legs) took a review of all that part of Mr. Hastings's administration, which related to the province of Oude, and more particularly to the Princesses of that country, the stripping of whom of their treasures, and depriving them of the lands assigned to them for their dower, was the principal ground of crimination brought against Mr. Hastings in this day's debate. Mr. Sheridan endeavoured to aggravate the guilt, or supposed guilt, of that gentleman, by stating that he had forced the Nabob of Oude to be the unnatural instrument of reducing his mother, and the Princesses his aunts, to inconceivable distress and wretched-

ness: nor did Mr. Sheridan spare Sir Elijah Impey, whom he described as something like an accomplice of Mr. Hastings in this business. Mr. Sheridan concluded his long speech, by moving the Committee to resolve, that in the charge against Warren Hastings, Esq. for his treatment of the Begums or Princesses of Oude, there was matter to support an impeachment of the said Warren Hastings.

Mr. Francis seconded the motion.

But after the House had been in debate for some time;

Sir William Dolben said, that as many members wished to speak on so important a question, he saw the debate could not be concluded that night: he therefore moved, that it be adjourned to the next day. The motion for the adjournment was combated by Mr. Fox, and supported by Mr. Pitt; and it was at last carried without a division between one and two in the morning.

As never was so long a speech delivered in Parliament as Mr. Sheridan's, so none was ever so highly applauded.

FEB. 8.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee on the charges against Warren Hastings, Esq. Mr. St. John in the chair,

Major Scott spoke in a high tone, and declared that Mr. Hastings was a persecuted man; that every method had been adopted to blacken and traduce his character. His speech embraced an infinite variety both of statement and point. He attacked the majority of the Board during the lives of Colonel Monson and General Clavering, and shewed the constant minority in which Mr. Hastings was left; that though Governor-General, he was certainly divested of all responsibility until the death of Col. Monson. He referred to several minutes of the Board, and various other documents, in which he contended, that the papers read in evidence by the Hon. Gentleman, Mr. Sheridan, in the course of his speech last night, were not fairly quoted, but garbled, with a view to accommodate his preconceived opinions. He concluded with assuring the House, that whatever might be the decision of this night, he should vote against the resolution moved.

Mr. Pitt said, no pains had been spared on his part to acquire a competent idea of the subject. — He had viewed it on all sides, and was not soon or easily determined on what ground to establish his opinions. This he had matured by the attention which he gave to the mass of information laid before the Committee, by conversation both within and without doors, and especially by what had been advanced by the several gentlemen who had already declared their sentiments to the

Com-

Committee; and having put every thing together which occurred to him in this important and complicated investigation, he made no scruple of declaring that he should agree with the Resolution of the Committee. This judgment he had formed, by what occurred to him, from a deliberate consideration of the various evidence adduced. But he did not admit the whole of the charges; the mode of reasoning adopted by the Honourable Gentleman last night seemed to insinuate or suggest, that whatever was extraneous in them was abandoned; and he assured the Committee, that enough of criminality still remained. He attached the blame which he thought due to the conduct of Mr. Hastings, chiefly to his resumption of the Jaghires, and the consequent seizure of the Begums treasure. It mattered not, in his opinion, how the Begums got possession of these species of property. It was property guaranteed by us. The faith of the nation was pledged to preserve and defend it against all attempts of violation and outrage. He then went into a very able and minute argument to shew how far government might interfere with private property, when the necessities of the state could be sustained as a plea of justification.

Mr. Sheridan returned the House his most cordial thanks for the great mark of their esteem bestowed upon his exertions last night. He congratulated the House—he congratulated the country, on the manly and unequivocal part which the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Pitt) acted, and was convinced that, however they might widely differ in their general line of politics, there was such an abundance of candour, rectitude, and integrity, in the Right Hon. Gentleman's heart, as to spurn all party jars and prejudices, when the cause of humanity and unprovoked oppression demanded his voice.

The Solicitor-General dissented from the resolution about to be passed; and gave, as

his reason, that Mr. Hastings had performed great, essential, and lasting services to the Empire.

Mr. Fox approved in high terms of Mr. Pitt's conduct. With regard to Mr. Hastings, he reprobated him for concealing his intentions from the Court of Directors, and misleading them. He thought the concealment of an immense sum, and the restoration of it afterwards to the Court of Directors, when he found it could not be any longer concealed, and the request of 100,000*l.* as a small equivalent for his services, crimes of great enormity.

Mr. Dempster, Mr. Le Mesurier, and Mr. Smith, bestowed high encomiums on Mr. Hastings, and defended his actions. The Committee then divided on the Resolution, That, from a consideration of the fourth charge, there is sufficient ground to believe Mr. Hastings guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Ayes, — 175

Noes, — 53

Majority — 122

Consequently Mr. Hastings will be tried before the House of Lords on the grounds mentioned.—Adjourned.

FEB. 9.

Mr. Fox moved for Copies of Instructions sent to our Ministers at the Court of Lisbon from the year 1782 to the present time, relative to the commerce between Great Britain and Portugal.

Sir Grey Cooper seconded the Motion.—But Mr. Pitt opposed it on this ground, that it was impolitic, and might be productive of very serious consequences to publish papers relative to a Treaty, pending that Treaty.—After some little conversation, the question was put on Mr. Fox's motion, which was negatived without a division, and the House adjourned.

(*To be continued.*)

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

JAN. 1.

HO, Grenville, a blind man, has lately presented to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, the description of an apparatus for enabling blind persons to perform operations in arithmetic with ease and celerity. It is an improvement of Saunderson's Numerical Board. The board is perforated full of holes, in exact lines, horizontally, and perpendicularly. The lines considered horizontally denote units, tens, hundreds, thousands, &c. reckoning from right to left as usual; and the perpendicular lines permit the figures to be placed below each other, as is usual in every account. Pegs are made to fit these holes,

on the head of each of which pegs is printed the figure (number) it represents, so as that, to a person who has the use of sight, the account can be seen at once. The figures are distinguished by the blind person by means of certain pins placed in the heads of these pegs, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Between the rows of holes for these pegs are rows of smaller holes adapted to receive the bent ends of small wires, which perform the part of lines placed either horizontally or perpendicularly, as is necessary for any arithmetical operation. The box is formed into proper divisions for holding the pegs and wires, and is doubtless a most useful apparatus for those to whom it

was intended to assist; for there can be no doubt but that any blind person, with a little attention, by means of this simple apparatus, may perform every arithmetical operation that could be performed by him if he had the use of sight.

4. There is now in the possession of John Scymour, Esq. of Grosvenor-house, Westminster, the remains of a boy about twelve years of age, who was found erect, with his clothes on, in a vault under St. Botolph's, Aldgate, old church, in the year 1742, and is supposed to have been shut in at the time of the plague in 1665, as the vault had not been opened from that period till the time above mentioned, when the church was pulled down. The extraordinary circumstances of this boy are, that his skin, fibres, and intestines, are all dried, and very little of his bones appears, and he weighs about eighteen pounds.

8. The experiment of the incombustible Pasteboards was made the 4th ult. at Berlin, in the presence of Duke Frederick of Brunswick, and several persons of distinction. The inventor of this Composition is Dr. Arfird, a native of Saxony. A small building, which had been constructed of wood for the purpose, was lined with this pasteboard, and filled with combustible matter. Notwithstanding a fire that burned most violently, the house was not in the least damaged.—This board resists likewise the dampness of the air. It is publicly sold for a shilling and a half, Swedish money, every square-ell sheet.

Mr. Redman, an ingenious tinman, says, that two quarters of sand heated in an iron pan, until red-hot, and put into a warming-pan, will warm a bed equally with live coals, without their ill effects; and that a bag of heated sand put in the bottom of a coach, will keep it agreeably warm a long time.

Lately as a labourer was digging the foundation for a vestry intended to be built in West Bromwich Church, he accidentally broke open a coffin; the body and head of the deceased was turned on its right side, with the left elbow pressing hard against the lid of the coffin, apparently as if struggling after burial. It seems not improbable that the body of the unhappy man was buried in a trance; and, from the best information, it appeared to be the body of an old lawyer in the said parish, of the name of Whitehouse; and what strengthens the conjecture was, his frequent use of large quantities of opiates during his last illness. He died about the year 1764.

13. The following catastrophe was realized a few weeks since at Badenoch, in Scotland.—Richard Morris, a baker, with his wife, went out to a neighbouring house to spend the evening, and left their son (a boy about twelve years of age) and a maid-servant at
Vol. XI.

home, to look after the house and tend the customers. The maid, in the interim, having received an account that her father was ill, desired the boy's permission to be absent, which he readily granted. At the usual time he shut his shop, and none of the family being come back, proceeded to prepare his supper, and left it on the table uncovered while he went to get some beer; but on his return found the dog had devoured the best part of the victuals, and the fragments scattered about the room. Irritated at losing his supper, he caught up the poker, and having fastened the door, struck the dog on the back several times, till the creature at length sprung at him, caught him by the throat, and tore him in a most shocking manner. The mother came home a short time after, and finding her son in this deplorable condition, without being able to afford any assistance, dropped down in a fit, in which she remained upwards of half an hour, when the servant returned and alarmed the neighbours. The boy languished about three hours, and died in the greatest agonies; and the mother is so ill, that her life is despaired of.

A singular cure of a person in a dropsy whose case was thought desperate, has been effected by the following simple prescription:—Two ounces of bark, two ounces of Battel gunpowder, and one ounce of coarse mustard-seed, steeped in a quart of mountain wine, and well shaken together. Let three wine-glasses be taken every day.

20. A letter has been received a few days ago from the celebrated Mr. Howard, who was then at Vienna, containing such a remonstrance against the design of erecting a statue for him, as the liberal patrons of that intention cannot possibly resist.

Mr. Howard, when he was at Vienna, was ill of a fever which he had contracted in the Lazaretto at Venice. But his friends received another letter from him afterwards, dated at Amsterdam, in which he gives the agreeable intelligence that he is quite recovered, and intended to be at home about the 7th of February. The Emperor of Germany, Mr. Howard adds, honoured him with a private audience, and in consequence of his representations, has made several alterations in his prisons. He has also pulled down almost all the monasteries of Vienna, and diminished the annual revenue of the Pope to the amount of 25,000 florins.

The Emperor has suppressed the custom of his subjects addressing him kneeling, and of kissing his hand.

The total abolition of slavery in Virginia, by an act of the General Assembly passed in October last, confers the highest honour on the legislature of that state.

22. At Eton, some few of the upper boys have been writing essays,—and the rest occupying their leisure in reading them.

The title under which they have been
S pub-

published, is the Microcosm. The holidays stopped their progress at No. VI. They are to be resumed. The subjects of the six numbers are, An Introductory Paper—Swearing—Apathy and Lounging—Love of Fame—History and Speculation—Letters of Correspondents.

Of these, the reputed authors are, the two Mr. Smiths, Mr. Hanning, and Mr. Frere.—And of juvenile authorship, these essays are to rank with the best and most unexpected accomplishment.

23. Lord George Gordon appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and stated to the Judges, that he had received a summons from the Solicitor of the Treasury (which he read), calling upon him to appear personally in Court on Tuesday next after the Octave of St. Hilary, to answer to an information to be exhibited against him, on the King's behalf, for certain crimes and misdemeanors. His Lordship said, that he had looked into the Popish calendars, and those sort of books, to see what an octave meant, and that he found it was eight days from the celebration of the feast of the Saint; that he had come himself, because he was desired personally to appear, and did not intend to be at any expence, or to employ any Solicitor or Counsel; his reason for which was, that one learned gentleman, who had formerly asserted his innocence, Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was raised (he was glad to see it) to a very high situation; and of the assistance of the other (Mr. Erskine) he was deprived, he having been retained against him some time ago. The Court informed Lord George of the course he must pursue; namely, to plead in the Crown Office; and that then he would have regular notice to prepare for trial, upon which he retired.

The information exhibited above, was at the suit of the French Ambassador, for a libellous publication against the Court of France.

The Court of King's Bench granted an absolute rule against Mr. Bowes and his associates, for an information against them for a conspiracy in the late violent attempt on the person of Lady Strathmore. Mr. Erskine and Mr. Chambre, as Counsel for two of the parties, attempted to extenuate their crime, but with little success. Mr. Bowes was in Court, but employed no Counsel against the rule.

24. Ld. G. Gordon appeared within the bar at Westminster-hall, with Blackstone's Commentaries tied up in a handkerchief. He said, the Attorney-general had filed an information against him, which blended the distinct and different informations *qui tam* and by the Master of the Crown-office, as the Judges would perceive, by recurring to the doctrines contained in their good and worthy brother Blackstone [Here the Bar was seized with a muscular affection]. His Lordship turned round, and told them, they were ig-

norant of this distinction, because it had originated in bad times; and that the only apology which could be made for the Attorney-general was, that he was equally incompetent on the subject. His Lordship continued, that he did not chuse to join issue with the Attorney-general, until he had communicated with the Court, for that he was *bonus et legalis homo*, and entitled to all the privileges of other subjects, notwithstanding he was excommunicated. The Court told him, that the first step was to appear. He replied, that he had appeared yesterday. The Court begged his attention, and told him that the appearance must be filed; and then he might either move to quail, or might demur to the information, if it was defective on the face of it; or he might plead to it.

26. Lord George Gordon appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and informed the Court he had an objection to state to a process which had been served upon him. He said, there was a misnomer, or, at least, a want of proper addition to the name inserted in a process served upon him, of which he did not intend to take advantage, either by moving in abatement, or availing himself of a dilatory plea, for he wished to accelerate his trial, and prove his innocence as soon as possible. For this reason he came forward to correct the Court, by pointing out the error in their process. This process was directed to "George Gordon," without any addition whatever, which was an error; the other names were properly described; the Chief Justice had his title of William Earl Mansfield, and Pepper Arden was denominated an Esquire. He had as good a right to the additions to his name as either of these, or even George Gualph himself; therefore, unless the Court called upon him by his right name and additions, he would not answer; and bowing respectfully to the Bench and Bar, retired.

27. At the conclusion of the play in the new theatre at Staitford, a plank which supported the gallery gave way, and the whole, with a great crowd of people, came down upon those in the boxes. The shrieks and cries from all sides of the house were in a few minutes redoubled by the cries of fire, and a dreadful scene of confusion ensued. The fire was soon extinguished. The theatre being remarkably full, some time elapsed before the maimed and wounded could be taken out. Many were bruised slightly, some shockingly hurt, and one person lost her life, viz. Mrs. Wife, wife of Mr. John Wife, late Mayor of that borough.

FEB. 1.

Service of the information being returned by the Sheriff to the Court of King's Bench, Lord George Gordon, at eleven, took an opportunity to address the Court, repeating his former objections to the *Teste* of the writ, to the word *Delave*, and to the want of *formality*

malty in the description of his titles, &c. &c. He was heard with patience for near half an hour, when the Court informed him that the writ was legal, the service good, and the description proper. His Lordship then demanded *Oyer* of the information; and the Officer of the Court accordingly read over the information, which is very long, and consists of several counts; and charges him with publishing a *Libel* against the *French Chargé d'Affaires* on the 22d of August, 1786, in one of the public papers. After it was finished, the Court demanded, whether he chose to appear to the said information? His Lordship replied, he did not wish to obstruct the course of Justice, being ready to stand the test; and as to his appearance, he desired the Court to *consult their own eyes*.—His appearance being recorded, the Court granted him an *Imparance* until next Term, when he must answer.

2. This evening between seven and eight o'clock, a fire broke out at an oil shop in Bridges-street, near Drury-lane theatre, which burnt for some time with such fury, that the people in the house could with difficulty save themselves. The alarm reached the theatre, and the play was discontinued.

3. On Thursday last one of the King's messengers, dispatched by the Right Hon. William Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, arrived at the Office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the Most Christian King's Ratification of the Convention, signed the 15th of January last, concerning the Execution of the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce lately concluded between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden against his Majesty's Ratification, on the 29th of January last, at Versailles, by his Most Christian Majesty's Plenipotentiary.

Burt, who was capitally convicted for a forgery on his master, Mr. Evans the gold-beater, and last session refused his Majesty's mercy, has sent a letter to Mr. Akerman, expressing his sorrow for his obstinacy and presumption, and intreats to be sent to Botany Bay.

5. The new American Bishops were consecrated at Lambeth Palace. They take the titles of Bishop of New York and Bishop of Philadelphia; and afterwards they were hospitably entertained. They do not take the style of Lord or Lordship. According to their own request, they are directed to as Right Rev. Doctor, Bishop of, &c. and addressed in the same style; neither have they yet submitted to the old hackneyed term Father in God. Episcopacy is admitted in America, but is simplified as much as possible.

6. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was initiated into the mysteries of Free

Masonry, at the Star and Garter, Pall-Mall. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland as Grand Master, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Manchester, and several other noblemen of that respectable order attended at the ceremony.

7. This morning the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who lodged on the second floor of the house which was burnt down in Bridges-street, were dug out of the ruins, in a most shocking and mangled state. The man had been upwards of twenty-four years a box-keeper at the Opera-house, and lost his life by endeavouring to rescue from the flames his unfortunate wife (who was exceedingly ill in bed at the time of the fire breaking out) which before he could effect, the floor fell in, and they perished together.

8. The contempt for which Mr. Bowes was committed to the Court of King's-Bench was taken off on the motion of Mr. Erskine. It had been previously argued before the Master of the Crown-Office, on Wednesday Evening, on a reference from the Court. Mr. Law exerted himself greatly to establish the contempt, and Mr. Erskine displayed the energies of his eloquence to overturn it, and they succeeded. The Master reported that Mr. Bowes had not been guilty of contempt, and the Court accordingly ordered him to be discharged.

9. Lord George Gordon appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and in a desultory speech informed the Court that he had been persecuted with another information. The Court ordered the information to be read to his Lordship, which charged him with having written certain inflammatory papers, stimulating the prisoners in Newgate to mutiny against the sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. The proper officer having charged his Lordship with the offence, he demanded a plea; on which the Court indulged his Lordship with an *imparance* to the first day of next term.

The very humane and philanthropic Mr. Howard arrived safe in town from the Continent, and has since published the following Address.

TO the SUBSCRIBERS for ERECTING a STATUE, &c. to Mr. HOWARD.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

YOU are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me; but, at the same time, you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it, and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is, therefore, my earnest request, that those friends who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the Subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the Gaols of this Kingdom, and which, I hope, will become general, the greatest honour and most ample reward I can possibly receive.

I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the Fund which, in my absence, and without my consent, hath been called the **HOWARDIAN FUND**, to go in future by that name, and that I will have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention and a constant residence.

I am,

My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your obliged and faithful
Humble Servant,

JOHN HOWARD.

London,
Feb. 16, 1787.

11. The following melancholy event happened in Wood-street, Cheapside. Mr. Owen, one of the Serjeants at Mace to the Sheriffs of London, and who keeps a lock-up house opposite the Compter, on Thursday last having arrested a gentleman for 200l. and upwards, took him to his own house; and having observed some marks of insanity about him, Mr. Owen had desired one of the keeper's servants to sit up with him; but before ten at night, Mr. Owen being out, the gentleman took the advantage, knocked down Mrs. Owen, seized the key, and made his escape, tho' not so soon but Mrs. Owen seized him by the coat-flap, which gave way and was left in her hand, when she pursued him; calling stop thief, but he got clear off. Mr. Owen having intelligence where he was, went on Sunday morning with some assistants and took him, brought him home into Wood-street, where he had not been five minutes before he took the opportunity, whilst Mr. Owen and his assistants were in an adjoining room, to cut his throat, and in such a manner, that he nearly severed the head from the body, and died in an instant. — His name was David Clark, well known by the gentlemen of the turf, and his residence was at Newmarket, where he had an estate of near 200l. a year.

Feb. 14.

At the Court at St. James's, the 12th of February, 1787,

P R E S E N T,

The **KING's** Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

SHERIFFS appointed by his Majesty in Council, for the year 1787.

Berkshire, William Byam Martin, of White Knights, Esq.

Bedfordshire, Joseph Partridge, of Cranfield, Esq.

Bucks, Richard Dayrell, of Lillingstone Dayrell, Esq.

Cumberland, Thomas Whelpdale, of Skirgill Hall, Esq.

Cheshire, Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton, Bart.

Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, William Camps, of Wilburton, Esq.

Devonshire, John Quick, of Newton Saint Cyres, Esq.

Dorsetshire, Peter William Baker, of Ransdon, Esq.

Derbyshire, Sir Richard Arkwright, of Cromford, Knt.

Essex, John Judd, of Chelmsford, Esq.

Gloucestershire, Samuel Richardson, of Newent, Esq.

Hertfordshire, John Roper, of Berkamstead St. Peter, Esq.

Herefordshire, Richard Cope Hopton, of Cannon Froome, Esq.

Kent, John Cottin, of Hill Park, Esq.

Lancashire, William Bamford, of Bamford, Esq.

Leicestershire, John Goodacre, of Ashby Parva, Esq.

Lincolnshire, Theophilus Buckworth, of Spelding, Esq.

Monmouthshire, Thomas Lewis, of Chepstow, Esq.

Northumberland, Edward Collingwood, of Chirton, Esq.

Northamptonshire, William Walcot, the younger, of Oundle, Esq.

Norfolk, Edward Billingsley, of Hockwold with Wilton, Esq.

Nettinghamshire, Thomas Waterhouse, of Beckenham, Esq.

Oxfordshire, Charles Marfack, of Caversham Park, Esq.

Rutlandshire, George Belgrave, of Ridlington, Esq.

Shropshire, Humphry Sandford, of The Isle, Esq.

Somersetshire, Nathaniel Dalton, of Shanks, Esq.

Staffordshire, Thomas Whieldon, of Fenton, Esq.

Sussex, John Meadows Theobald, of Henley, Esq.

County of Southampton, Sir Henry Powell St. John, of Dogmersfield, Bart.

Surrey, Richard Ladbroke, of Tadworth Court, Esq.

Suffex, Rich. Wyatt, of Trimmings, Esq.

Warwickshire, Thomas Mason, of Stratford upon Avon, Esq.

Worcestershire, Richard Harrison, of Temple Langhearn, Esq.

Wiltshire, Isaac Webb Horlock, of Ashwick, Esq.

Yorkshire, Francis Ferrand Foljambe, of Aldwark, Esq.

S O U T H W A L E S.

Carmarthenshire, Hugh Mears, of Llanstephar, Esq.

Pembrokeshire, James Phillips, of Penypark, Esq.

Car-

Cardiganshire, J. Martyn, of Alltgoch, Esq.

Glamorganshire, John Price, of Llandaff Court, Esq.

Brecknockshire, John Jones, of Llanavawr, Esq.

Radnorshire, John Price, of Penn y Bont, Esq.

NORTH WALES.

Anglesey, John Griffith Lewis, of Tryfelwyn, Esq.

Carnarvonshire, David Jones, of Cefn Coed, Esq.

Merionethshire, John Jones, of Rhyd y fen, Esq.

Montgomeryshire, Trevor Lloyd, of Llanafan, Esq.

Denbighshire, Sir Foster Cunliffe, of Acton, Bart.

Flintshire, Philip Yorke, of Maes y groes, Esq.

At a Council of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, held at Carlton-House, the 8th of February, 1787.

SHERIFF appointed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Council, for the Year 1787.

County of Cornwall, Samuel Thomas, of Tregolls, Esq.

16. The following prisoners were executed in the Old Baily, viz. Samuel Phipps for stealing a gold watch; James Dobson for stealing a letter containing several bank notes; Dennis Sullivan, for breaking open the house of Henry Ringings, and stealing five shillings in half-pence; Robert Horsley, for robbing Jane Bearblock of a metal watch; Joseph Mander, William Jones, Henry Staples, John Turner, William Adams, James Brown, Frederick Daniel Lucas, and Joseph Crawley. They all behaved in a becoming manner.

20. This night's Gazette contains his Majesty's proclamation, commanding all the Peers of Scotland to assemble at Holy-Rood-House, in Edinburgh, on Wednesday the 23th of March next, between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon, to nominate and choose two Peers of Scotland to sit and vote in the House of Peers of this present Parliament of Great-Britain, in the room of William Duke of Queensberry, and James Earl of Abercorn, who have been created British Peers.

21. The benign Mr. Howard has met with a misfortune which touches him nearly, and will not be mentioned without exciting concern in the public—we mean the loss of his papers and manuscripts—they were lost or stolen from a coach coming from Canterbury. We need not add, that to him this loss is more afflicting than that of wealth (and there were several jewels and other valuables with the papers) and to the world expecting to reap the fruits of his labours, we fear it may be irreparable.

24. Though the forwardness of vegetation in the spring of 1776 was unprecedented

in the memory of man, it is with no small gratification that the naturalists, florists, &c. observe the present surpasses every preceding one: for instance, though according to Stillingfleet's Calendar of Nature, &c. primroses were then full blown on the 7th of February, these, with dog-rose, and the era of foliation in gooseberries, were much earlier this present year; even blaes and black currants were in bud by the 10th of January, and others in proportion; and with respect to the kitchen-garden, vegetation has not been less rapid, aromatic herbs beginning to spring by the 2d instant: nor are the advances of the feathered creation less remarkable, the hedge sparrow being heard to sing on the 13th of January: but what must tend the most to signalize this year in the memoirs of observers, is the unusual appearance of an Aurora Borealis in the middle of January.

COPY of the FRENCH MINISTER'S LETTER, Mons. CALONNE, to Mr. JEFFERSON, the American Ambassador at Paris.

After the introduction, the Minister proceeds thus:—

“That in addition to the favours already granted to our commerce, in the establishment of the free ports, and in the admission of tobacco, agreeable to Mr. Morris's contract, his Majesty consents to abolish the duty of fabrication with respect to the whale-oil and spermaceti, directly imported from the United States in French or American bottoms, so that this oil and spermaceti shall not pay, during ten years, any other duty but seven livres, ten sols, and the augmentation of ten sols per livre, which last duty is to cease in 1790; to suppress all duties on pot and pearl-shells, beaver skins, hair, and raw leather, if imported from the United States in French or American vessels; to abolish all duties upon masts, yards, knees for ship-building, red cedar, green oak, and timber of all kinds, imported as above; to exempt from all duties the purchase of ships built in the United States; to abolish the duties formerly laid upon all shrubs, trees, and seeds imported into France, in French or American vessels, from the United States: that the King having been informed that the state of Virginia had ordered the arms for her militia to be made in France, his Majesty has declared, that the prohibitions which hitherto have prevented the exportation of arms and gun-powder, as well as the duties laid upon these articles when exported by permission, shall be abolished; and that whenever the United States shall think it expedient to export from France arms, guns, and gunpowder, they shall find no impediment in the law of the country, provided these articles be exported in French or American vessels. A very small duty is only to be paid, in order to facilitate the calculation of exports. That his Majesty has received, with the same favour, the application

cation made to the Committee for the suppression of the heavy duties actually paid upon books and papers of all kinds; and that the King abolishes all these duties when the above articles shall be exported to the United States in French or American vessels. In the P. S. Mr. de Caionne says, "Your nation, Sir, will probably receive, with

pleasure, the information of the facilities granted to the exportation of the wines of Bourdeaux, Guyenne, and Touraine, and the suppression of the duties granted by different Arrêts of Council, of which the Marquis de la Fayette will give you notice.

CALONNE."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, *January 25.*

THE King has published a circular letter, addressed to such of his opulent subjects as profess themselves friends to their country and humanity, inviting them to contribute towards the expence of erecting four hospitals in the city of Paris. Such as subscribe 10,000 livres will have their names engraved upon a brass plate.

Feb. 2. Formerly our ladies set the fashion to all the world, but now they eagerly follow the English modes. The fashion this winter is for the females to wear great coats, black hats, and a little cane in their hands. The mantua-makers are not much pleased with this mode, as the tailors make the above dresses.

6. Mr. Baudert de St. James, treasurer to the marine, and to the Queen's household, has lately failed, indebted to the state 15,000,000 livres; he has been conducted to the same apartments in the Bastille that the Cardinal lately occupied, and the King has appointed a commission to examine into this extraordinary failure.

Naples, Jan. 13. For some days past we have had the wind blow from the North with great violence. Yesterday the country and the mountains in the neighbourhood were covered with snow, and it has since frozen, which is very rare in this climate.

Hague, Feb. 5. The Prussian Minister, the

Comte de Goerts, has received his letters of recal from the King his master; the principal purport of the mission of the Comte, having, to his Majesty's great regret, not answered the end propoied. His Majesty assures their High Mightinesses, that he desires nothing more warmly than the repose and prosperity of their republic; and that he feels regret at not yet seeing peace and tranquillity re-established in these estates, for the happy return of which he is most warmly interested by all the ties of Neighbour and Friend, but more particularly in his situation of near relationship with the illustrious House of Orange.

Madrid, Jan. 29. Mr. Liston, his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at this court, having, in pursuance to his instructions, made application for a prolongation of the term of six months, fixed by the late convention for the evacuation of the Mosquito country, which would expire on the last day of February, his Catholic Majesty has consented to prolong the time specified for four months. The end of June next is therefore agreed upon by the two courts to be the time fixed for the said evacuation being completed, and orders are accordingly sent from hence to the President of Guatemala, and the commandant of Truxillo, to conduct themselves in conformity to this arrangement.

MARRIAGES, FEB. 1787.

THE Right Hon. Lord Semple to Miss Mellish, daughter to the late Charles Mellish, Esq. of Ragnal, in Nottinghamshire.

William Taylor, Esq. late of Bengal, to Miss Taylor, daughter of William Taylor, Esq. of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich.

The Rev. Mr. Abdy to Miss Perkins, daughter of John Perkins, Esq. of Staines.

Henry Jessard, Esq. of Statenborough, in Kent, to Miss Susan Durnford, daughter of George Durnford, Esq. of Winchester.

Nathan el Morgan, jun. Esq. of Caermarthen, to Miss Amelia Lewis, of Chepping-Wycombe, Bucks.

Samuel Kenyon, Esq. of Lawrence Pount-

ney-lane, merchant, to Miss Fanny Dowell, of Bristol.

John Aldridge, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Miss Toll, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Toll, of Wickham, Hants.

Richard Lane, Esq. of Mill-End, near Henley, to Miss Andrews, daughter of the Rev. Richard Andrews, rector of Great Comberton, Worcestershire.

At Lymin ton, the Rev. Thomas Burges, of Fareham, to Miss Cordel a Colborne.

Charles Sharr, Esq. of Peckham, to Miss Sarah Lillie, of Bradenham, Berks.

Nathaniel Lee Aston, Esq. of Livermore-park in Suffolk, to Miss Miller, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Miller, Bart.

PREFERRMENTS.

PREFERMENTS, FEB. 1787.

GEORGE Chetwynd, Esq. of Brockton-Hall, Staffordshire, one of the Clerks of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in Ordinary, knighted.

The Right Rev. Father in God Dr. Thomas Thurlow, now Bishop of Lincoln, to be Bishop of Durham.

Lieut. Col. George Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor of Charles-Fort, in Ireland, vice John Handcock, Esq. dec.

The Rev. George Cotton, D. L. Dean of Chester, vice Dr. William Smith, dec.

Sir James Eyre, Knt. Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, on the surrender of Sir John Skynner, Knt.

Alexander Thomson, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. knighted, made a Serjeant at Law, and constituted a Baron of the Exchequer.

Nash Grose, Serjeant at Law, knighted, and appointed one of his Majesty's Justices assigned to hold Pleas before the King himself.

Serjeant Walker sworn Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, vice Baron Thomson.

Simon Le Blanc and Soulden Lawrence, Esqrs. made Serjeants at Law.

Sir Wm. Greene, to be Chief Engineer of England.

The Rev. Mr. Ayscough, to be an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum,

The Right Hon. John Charles Villiers, Comptroller of his Majesty's Household.

James Stewart, Esq. to be Commissary of the Commissariat of Orkney and Zetland, vice Patrick Graeme, Esq. dec.

George Pratt, Esq. to be Deputy Keeper of the Register of Seafines and Reversions, in the shire of Kinross, vice Charles Cooper, Esq. dec.

The Rev. Geo. Pretyma, D. D. to be Bishop of Lincoln, vice Dr. Thurlow, translated.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, FEB. 1787.

JAN. 14.

THE Rev. Mr. Walker, of Ulverstone, in Lancashire.

19. The Rev. Christopher Seymour, of Pocklington, Vicar of Wetwant and Garton, and Curate of Skerne, all in Yorkshire.

22. At Spalding, Lincolnshire, Edward Rlithe, M. D. aged 75.

23. At Tewkesbury, in the 55th year of his age, Nealt Havard, Esq. 20 years Town Clerk of that borough.

The Rev. Thomas Kay, A. M. Rector of Melfonby in Yorkshire, and formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford.

24. Mr. William Hayes, bookseller, Oxford.

Daniel Haynes, Esq. James-street, Bedford Row.

25. Lady Frederick, Widow of the late Sir John Frederick, Bart.

Chilwell Slade, Esq. of Rye in Suffex.

At Lisbon, Robert Wilkinson, youngest son of John Wilkinson, of Lotbny.

26. Mr. Mason Chamberlin, R. A. Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn.

At Alhted in Surrey, Thomas Tyers, Esq. late one of the proprietors of Vauxhall. (See an account of him in our Magazine for Nov. 1783.)

Mr. Robert Mitton, late a malt factor, in Queenhithe.

Charles Bowen, Esq. Gentleman Usher to the Prince of Wales.

27. Thomas Willis, Esq. of Lower Tooting, Surrey.

28. At Sunbury in Middlesex, the Rev. Anthony Baker.

Lately, Joseph Careless, Esq. Governor of Fort James, in Africa.

Lately, at Rochester, Major Owen of the marines.

29. Mrs. Mary Morris, Widow of Corbyn Morris, Esq. deceased.

Mr. Thomas Manly, a Common Councilman of St. Stephen, Coleman-street.

At Tewkesbury, Mr. Samuel Jaynes, one of the members of that corporation.

30. Mr. Marshall Sheepy, Beadle of the Stationers company.

Mr. Rhodes, of Gray's Inn Lane.

At Woodcote Park, Colin Falconer, Esq. late of the East Indies.

31. John Pitt, Esq. in Arlington-street, St. James's, in the 80th year of his age.

Captain John Osborne, Provost Marshal of the Savoy prison.

Feb. 1. At Dursley, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Charles Worlington.

James Lovibond Collins, Esq.

Lately, Lieutenant Col. Thomas Pattinson, of the Prince of Wales's late provincial regiment of foot.

2. Thomas Curtis, Esq. of Brent Hall, Essex, the oldest Governor of the London Hospital, Whitechapel.

Charles Norbury, Esq. of Baines's Row, Cold-Bath Fields, in the 73d year of his age, the oldest Captain in his Majesty's navy; he had the command of an 80 gun ship in the year 1745, when he convoyed the troops to Scotland to suppress the Rebellion.

At Topcroft, in Norfolk, William Smyth, Esq.

3. At Littlebury Green, near Saffron Walden, Mr. George Buck, aged 102 years.

4. Miss Thornton, sister to Mr. Thornton, bookseller, Southampton-street, Covent-garden.

5. The Rev. Dr. Hugh Farmer, a dissenting Minister, author of a Treatise on the Demoniacs, and other learned works.

At Hoxton, Mr. Lambert, senior, stock-broker.

6. At Wokingham, in Berkshire, Edward Wife, Esq. This gentleman for some years had retired from the profession of the law. He many years since carried on the prosecution against Miss Blandy, who was executed for parricide.

James Donaldson, chief Clerk of the Transfer Office, in the East India House.

Lately, at Worcester, the Rev. John Pearkes, L. L. D. F. A. S. Rector of Bredon, and Chaplain to the Earl of Oxford.

8. Mrs. Boslock, wife of Benjamin Boslock, Esq.

Mr. Harlow, one of the King's messengers.

9. John Free, Esq. one of the Directors of the London Assurance Office.

Henry Prescott Blencowe, Esq. of Thornbury Priory, near Ingatestone, Essex.

Mrs. Warburton, wife of John Warburton, Esq. of Eltham.

10. At Newhall, in Essex, in the 42d year of his age, Drigue Billers Olmuis, Lord Waltham. Dying without issue the title is extinct.

11. At Andover, John Poore, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Hants.

Mrs. Ivatt, relict of William Ivatt, Esq. of Wimbledon.

Lately, at Sudbury, William Fenn, Esq. Receiver-General of the land-tax for the western division of the county of Suffolk.

12. Richard Halliday Joscelin, Esq. of Clapham.

At Leith, Major-General Balfour.

Mrs. Jesup, relict of Edward Jesup, Esq.

Lately, at North Carolina, in an advanced age, Joseph Salvador, Esq. F. R. and A. S. and one of the Elders of the Portuguese Jewish nation, in London.

14. In Charter-House-square, Mr. William Boulton, merchant.

John Heavilide, Esq. of Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Peirson, widow of Bradshaw Peirson, Esq. lately of Stokesley, in the county of York.

15. At Bath, Colonel Sir James Buchanman, Knt. Major of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

The Rev. Mr. Yaldwyn, of Black Down, in the county of Sussex.

At Edinburgh, Lady Grant, of Monymusk.

16. George Beauchlerk, Duke of St. Alban's, Earl of Euford, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, Hereditary Registrar of the Court of Chancery, and Captain of a regiment of foot.

Lately, at York, in the 100th year of her age, Ann Tate, widow. She retained all her faculties to the last, and could thread a needle without the help of glasses.

17. At Hoxton, where he had been confined since October 1785, Mr. William Brereton, late of Drury-lane Theatre. He was the son of Major Brereton, formerly Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, and appeared the first time at Drury-lane, in December 1768, in the character of Douglas.

19. Mr. David Crighton, cabinet-maker, of King's-street, St. Anne's, aged 71.

BANKRUPTS.

THO. Finlow and John Glover, of Liverpool, merchants and co-partners. Thomas Lockley and Thomas Ridler, of Monmouth, linendrapers and partners. Nicholas Leigh, of the Cloysters, West-Smithfield, London, linendraper. Stephen Barber, of Exchange-Alley, Cornhill, London, broker, dealer, and chapman. Isaac Jackson, of Norwich, beer brewer. Hodgson Atkinson, and William Walton, of Tokenhouse-Yard, London, merchants, dealers, chapmen, and co-partners. George Pigott, of Eaton Bridge, Kent, butcher. John Williams of Walcot, Somersetshire, coach-master, and horse dealer. James Green, of Bethnal Green, Middlesex, dealer and chapman. Edward Robinson, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, grocer, dealer and chapman. John Leach, of Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer, dealer and chapman. Benj. Dadley, of Birmingham, button manufacturer and mealman. Jeremiah Bryant, of Biggleswaie, Bedfordshire, draper. George Wright, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, saddler, dealer and chapman. Joseph Arnould, of Wallingford, Berks, cyder-merchant. John Syeds, of Mining-Lane, London, ship and

insurance broker. Thomas Greatrex, of Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, millwright. Wm. Boston, of Knowle, Warwickshire, cheese-factor. John Robinson, of Worcesterhire, ironmonger. Francis Thompson, of Shadwell, Middlesex, coal-merchant. John Nicholls, of Bristol, innholder and vintner. John Hannaford, late of Lymington, Hants, dealer. John Purslow, of Queen-street, Cheapside, dealer. Robert Cooper, late of Stratford, in Essex, stone-mason and builder. George Mattocks, late of Liverpool, Lancashire, dealer and chapman. Frederick Lander, of Shelton, Staffordshire, grocer. Thomas Clifton, of Deretend, in the parish of Aston, near Birmingham, Warwickshire, tallow chandler. James Parsons, of Chelsea, Middlesex, merchant. Giles Atwood, late of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, but now of Spring Gardens, Middlesex, innkeeper. Lawrence Whitaker, of Blackburn, Lancashire, dealer and chapman. George Hartley, of Southnewton, Oxfordshire, baker. George Gregory, of Great Turnstile, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, Middlesex, glover,